FROM LIFE TO LIFE

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

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FROM LIFE TO LIFE

ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES FOR THE USE OF RELIGIOUS WORKERS AND FOR PRIVATE MEDITATION

BY

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Author of "The Secret of a Happy Day," "The Surrendered Life," "Received Ye the Holy Ghost?" etc.

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TO

MY DEAR FRIEND

MR. WILLIAM SHAW

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTION.

THE greatest preacher the world has ever known was remarkable for his use of illustrations. Our Master never preached a sermon when he did not liken his truth to some every-day, ordinary object so that the little children in his company could take in the power and sweetness of the truth he taught. There is a great difference between the illustrations of Jesus and Paul. Paul lived in the city, and his truth was colored because of his contact with the people in the great centres of population; but Jesus lived in the country, and the sparrows flying through the air, the grass growing beneath his feet, and the lilies blooming on every side furnished his illustrations. We are following in right footsteps when we pattern after Jesus and Paul in illustrating truth.

The incidents related in this book have been used in my own work. God has set his seal of approval upon them, and because I have been urgently requested to do so I am sending them out with the prayer that they may be helpful to Christian workers everywhere.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN,

Fourth Presbyterian Church.
New York.

FROM LIFE TO LIFE.

ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

A MEMBER of a former charge in the city of New York told me that in the old country he was a contractor putting up the large buildings which stand in many of the Irish cities.

In constructing one of them he noticed that the workmen were building a little out of line, and, stepping back so that he could see the place plainly, he noticed that the workmen were standing in the way of his seeing plainly; and so he shouted to them to stand aside on the scaffolding. One of them stepped back and lost his balance. My friend said that he was powerless to help him, but there stood beside him another man who quickly sprung forward with upreaching arms. The falling man struck his hands, bounded off into the sand, and was scarcely injured; but the one who had saved him was terribly hurt. His arms were driven into their sockets; his spine was pushed out of shape; and, when he rose from his bed of suffering, it was to be forever deformed.

I saw him the last time I was in Ireland, making his way along the streets, an object of pity to every one; but, when I asked him what had become of

the man whom he had saved, his face brightened, and he said, "I meant to have told you; he gave half of his property to his rescuer, divides half his earnings with him, and never allows him for a moment to want."

This sort of heroic action we can understand. But what if he had turned away from him, and refused to recognize him, and denied his obligation to support him? Men everywhere would have denounced him as inhuman. But they somehow forget that there is one other who became scarred and maimed and wounded for us, Jesus the Son of God, who died that we might live, and from whom, alas! many have turned away, saying, "We will not have this man to rule over us." There are ten thousand reasons why Christ should be ashamed of us, but never one why we should be ashamed of him.—*J. W. C.*

LOVED UP TO CHRIST.

The frail daughter of General Booth had preached her sermon and told her story night after night in the crowded room in the city of Paris, only to be mocked and jeered by those who came to crowd about her. At last, one night with breaking heart she came down from her platform, walked through the crowd, and said to a poor fallen girl who sat in the rear seat, as she took her face in her hands and bent over and kissed her, "My dear sister, I would to God that I could love you to Christ." Pure lips like those had not touched her cheek for many a year. She raised her face, instantly started to her

feet and then staggered from weakness down the hall, and fell, the first one, at the penitent form. She came that night to know Christ as her Saviour, and stands to-day as one of the leading Salvation Army officers in that same country.

If you were to ask her what it was that led her to know Christ, she would answer, "I was loved out of my sin into the kingdom of God."

There is a verse in Isaiah which declares, "Thou hast in mercy delivered my soul from the pit," the marginal reading of which is, "Thou hast in mercy loved up my soul from the pit."

This is the spirit which we must have as the children of God if we would lead the lost to know him.

PULLING UPWARD.

JOHN KER, of Glasgow, the rare preacher, was crossing the Green, and beheld a blind boy on whose face there lay an indescribable light of gladness as he held in his hand the string of a kite which was away far up in the windy sky. The preacher wondered how kite-flying could be the gladness it evidently was to a poor blind lad, so he said to him, "Laddie, hoo is't you like to fly the kite when you canna see it up in the air?"

The blind eyeballs went to where the voice came from, and the look was still inexpressibly glad. "Na," said he, "I canna see it in the air, but I can feel it tug!"

And, blessed be God, when other evidences of grace get weak and disappear, this tells me I am a

come-across, and a pilgrim onward to the city of God. I can feel the tug thither. Can you?—*John Robertson.*

THE 130TH PSALM.

ONE day I was standing at the mouth of a coal-pit talking to the engineer about his work ; and we heard a bell ring once, twice, and thrice, and I said to him, "What is that?"

He said, "That is a man wanting to come up."

I said, "Is n't that very like the one hundred and thirtieth Psalm ; the man in the depth is anxious to come up?"

He replied, "I have often thought about that," and that simple remark brought out the fact that he was in the fellowship of a true child of God. He added, "Another thing I have often thought of is that, if the man down there did n't thoroughly trust me, he would n't put his foot in the cage, for he can't keep one foot on the ground and the other in the cage ; and I have often thought it is like what the sinner must do with Christ ; he must trust him altogether or not at all." Well, thus is the cry of the man out of the depths, and thus are his confessions of need, of sin, and of faith.

And so I said to the engineer, "And what will he do now?"

He replied, "He will just wait."

And so he waited and I waited a good while, and I said, "That is very like the one hundred and thirtieth Psalm again." Hear the next two verses ; hear what that man down in the depths was saying

to himself; "I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning." Far away down in the depths you hear what he is saying to himself. "I wait;" all that is within me is waiting, and I am waiting for the Lord, and am not waiting in despair. My hope is in his word. "More than they that watch for the morning." More than the weary sufferer on the bed of pain I watch for the light of his reconciling countenance, for the removal of my sorrow, for the shining of the Sun of righteousness on me. Ah, my friends, you know what that means to talk with yourself—I wait for God.—*J. G. Cunningham.*

HIDING SIN.

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Sir Robert Ball, the great astronomer, said recently in a lecture that the photographic eye has brought out millions of stars of whose very existence we were totally ignorant until the last few years. He also stated as one of the wonders of photography that a friend of his took a kodak view of the steamship Great Eastern when it was lying in the harbor at Liverpool. The hull of the ship was perfectly black, having been newly tarred; and yet, when the photographs were printed, the word "Lewis" was to be discerned on the side of the ship. The gentleman who had taken the photograph went back at once to see whether he could detect any such word, for his memory was very distinct that nothing of the kind could be discerned when he took

the picture ; neither could he discover it on his second investigation. Being greatly astonished, he went to some of the officers of the Great Eastern, who told him that the word had been inscribed in the place where his photograph indicated it, but they had afterward heavily tarred the ship, and it was entirely obliterated so far as the human eye could discern ; but some of those searching rays which the photographic eye had been able to catch had reproduced it.

The distinguished astronomer also told of a photographer who had stated to him that after a sitting of a beautiful young lady, whom he had long wished to photograph, the artist found that the proof showed her face most strongly mottled ; whereupon he repaired to her home to say that he wished to try again, when he was informed that she was sick in bed with the measles. He had caught nothing with his eye that marred her beauty ; but the keen, searching eye of the camera had caught the germs of the measles under her skin.

O, the solemn lesson ! One may cover up, it may be through all one's life, the hidden secret of sin in one's heart ; it may be possible to deceive our neighbors, to deceive even our dearest friends, as to the wicked and evil desire or purpose of our souls. There may be nothing that their eyes can detect to mar the moral beauty of our characters, but to that clear eye to whom the brightest sunshine is but darkness, in His presence who reads our purposes as they are forming in our souls—it is all naked and open as the day to Him.—*L. A. Banks.*

(284) LACKING ONE THING.

A YOUNG artist had toiled and struggled in his work upon a piece of statuary until at last the block of marble which held his thoughts imprisoned had given way to the statue of an angel so perfect that, if God had breathed upon it, it would have moved its wings and taken its place among the angel choir.

The young artist wished the criticism of those of greater renown than himself, so he sent an invitation to Michael Angelo among others. The young artist had hidden himself behind a screen, and wanted to hear the criticism of his friends without being seen. When Angelo came to look the work over most carefully, he was heard to say to one of his friends standing near, "It lacks one thing."

The poor artist was well-nigh broken-hearted as he heard this criticism. He hurried away from his studio, and refused either to eat or to sleep, and at last one of his friends made his way into Angelo's presence to ask what it was that the statue lacked.

"Man," said Angelo, "it lacks only life. If it had life, it would have been perfect as God himself could have made it."

This is the picture of the man who is without Christ. He has many things to commend himself to the world, his disposition may be good, and his character may be beautiful; but, if he lacks eternal life, he lacks everything.

CONSECRATION, THE GIFT OF SELF.

Some people think that consecration is giving their time to God, but this is not true. Other people feel that it is giving their money to God, but this can hardly be scriptural.

I had an illustration of it in my own home which makes the subject plain at least to myself. I had been away from my home so much that one day when I returned I found that my little boy had almost forgotten me. He knew I had some rights about the home, but evidently felt that I had very little right to him; and I determined that I would win him. I never returned from the city without presenting him with candy. He would eat the candy and make himself sick, and still be anything but cordial with me. I determined that I would buy him every toy that could be purchased, for he had a boy's fondness for toys; and he would play with the toys, but run to his mother and not to me.

One morning very early I heard him outside of my room, telling his sister that the man had said that up in the haymow of the barn there was a cat and six little kittens, and that he wanted to see them. He had been told that he must not go there, but I somehow felt that this was my chance; so, taking him in my arms, I started across the lawn, climbed up into the stable, and must have waited with him half an hour while he enjoyed the kittens to his heart's content. When he was satisfied, he came back to put his arms about me, and put his

lips up against my cheek, and, as he gave me a kiss, said, "Thank you." But there was something back of the kiss this time which I had never felt before, and from that day I knew I had won him. What he wanted was not candy, nor what his father's money could buy, but his father himself.

And this is a picture of our relation to God. It is not so much our time or our money that he wants, but an absolute yielding of one's self.—*J. W. C.*

CONVERSION A NEW CREATION.

A LITTLE girl in Scotland, whose desire it was to become a member of the church, was summoned to appear before the session and the minister of the kirk. They sat in solemn state in their dignity, and the minister said, "Lassie, have you had a change of heart?" She was puzzled, not knowing for a moment exactly what to answer. Her lips began to tremble and her eyes to fill up with tears, and the minister put the question once again with some added sternness, "Tell us, lassie, if you have had a change of heart;" and her response was the best that could have been given. "Well, sir, I do not know whether it is my heart that is changed or the world that is changed: it is one or the other, for everything seems to be so different."

And this is the result of conversion. When we become a new creation in Christ Jesus, the whole world becomes nominal to him.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

A YOUNG woman left her home to go and see her pastor to ask him to point her to Christ. She was concerned about her sins and about salvation.

As she stepped on the street-car, she met three of her most intimate friends. Something said to her: "Do not tell them where you are going," and something else said, "Tell them, and ask them to go with you." Finally she went over and sat down by them, and they asked her where she was going. She said: "Girls, I have made up my mind to be a Christian, and I am going to see our minister and ask him if he will show me how. I wish you would go with me." They declined to go, and she went on alone.

She came to the minister's house and rang the bell. He came to the door himself, and she stood there hesitating a minute, and then she said, "Doctor, I started to come to see you to ask you to lead me to Christ, but now that I have come I want to tell you that I have found Christ." As she went she was cleansed.—*B. F. M.*

REST.

"For we which have believed do enter into rest."—*Heb.* 4 : 3.

IF you go to the Zoölogical Gardens in London, and see them giving the serpents a bath,—for about once a week they do so,—go to that case in which

the deadly cobras are, and watch, if you are permitted.

There are two attendants, and they are both muscular, strongly endowed, and highly developed men. And yonder in the case they are coiled, in a slimy kind of mass, those awful, venomous reptiles. The lid is opened a little bit, and the cobra, whose sting will bring death in thirty-five minutes, puts out its head, seemingly half-unconscious, and very slowly. When about two feet of it is out, the attendant's hand, quick as an arrow to the mark, catches it by the neck and pulls it until he gets another hold with his right arm. There it is, and into the bath it is put; and the other attendant, as if it was a kitten, washes the speckled skin of the venomous reptile.

Look at that man. How is it that he had no alarm depicted on his countenance? Look at him, for he has bared his arm; look at him, with the muscles standing out like whip-cord on that brawny arm! The rest in him is the rest of the power of his grip on that cobra; his eye is shining with the consciousness of the power of his grip. Slacken the grip, and it is death. Rest; he is perfectly at ease; for he has a grip on that venomous reptile, and thus alone he has rest. Back that reptile goes to the nest, and the litter is done.

So with the Christian. I like to see a Christian man treating sin, and finding rest, in the same way as that attendant of the serpents in London. You know the cobra, you know the besetting sin, if you are a Christian. Tell me not about perfection; tell me not that the sting is extracted; for it is not. The sin will be sin till Christ takes you home; and

the rest a Christian man has by faith is just the rest of the power over sin. Let go your hold, relax your faith, and the sting is in you as of old.

MY LORD AND I.

I HAVE a Friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully,
I could not live apart from him,
I love to feel him nigh;
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary;
He knows that I am weak;
And, as he bids me lean on him,
His help I gladly seek;
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky;
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

I have his yoke upon me,
And easy 't is to bear;
In the burden which he carries
I gladly take a share;
For then it is my happiness
To have him always nigh,—
To bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows,
I tell him all my joys,
I tell him all that pleases me,
I tell him what annoys ;
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try ;
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so he bids me go and speak
The loving word for him ;
He bids me tell his wondrous love,
And why he came to die ;
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love him,
He knows I love him well,
But with what love he loveth me
My tongue can never tell ;
It is an everlasting love,
An ever rich supply ;
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

DEVOTION TO CHRIST.

A SHEPHERD one night when the storm was fierce, counting his sheep that had gathered into the fold, found that two were missing. Going to the kennel where his shepherd dog was lying with her young,

he pointed to the wilderness which was ever growing darker, and said, "Two sheep are missing; go." She looked a moment at her little ones, then up into her master's face, and hurried away into the night and came back with one of the sheep that were lost.

The stormhad grown fiercer and the night darker; and the shepherd came again to his dog, and, pointing out, said once more, "One sheep is missing; go." Looking down once more at her crying little ones and up into her master's face with mute despair, she arose and hurried away.

Hours passed by, and the shepherd heard a scratching at his hut door. Going forth, he found the dog, and she had the sheep that was lost. Leaving it at her master's feet, she staggered back to her little ones, and fell dead at the kennel door.

When I read this story I said: Oh, the shame of it! Here is a dumb brute with never a thought of God, and never a hope of heaven, obedient to her master's command when he speaks but a word; and we have permitted our Master with nail-pierced hands, spear-thrust side, and thorn-crowned brow to plead and plead again; and we have refused to do his bidding. Let us catch one glimpse of his face anew, and go where he would send us.

PROCRASTINATION.

The steamship Central America, on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprung a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel, seeing her signal of distress, bore down toward her. Perceiving the danger to be im-

minent, the captain of the rescue ship spoke to the Central America, asking, "What is amiss?"

"We are in bad repair, and going down; lie by till morning," was the answer.

"Let me take your passengers on board now."

But, as it was night, the commander of the Central America did not like to send his passengers away, lest some might be lost, and, thinking that they could keep afloat awhile longer, replied, "Lie by till morning."

Once again the captain of the rescue ship called, "You had better let me take them now."

"Lie by till morning," was sounded back through the trumpet.

About an hour and a half later her lights were missed, and, though no sound was heard, the Central America had gone down, and all on board perished, because it was thought they could be saved better at another time.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

POWER OF LOVE.

A BEAUTIFUL anecdote is told of Wendell Phillips, the famous orator, illustrating his lover-like devotion to his wife. At the close of a lecture engagement in a neighboring town his friends entreated him not to return to Boston.

"The last train has left," they said, "and you will be obliged to take a carriage into the city. It is a sleety November night, cold and raw; and you will have twelve miles of rough riding before you get home."

To which he replied, "But at the other end of them I shall find Anne Phillips."

Some of my readers may be having a hard time. They may find their life journey like that cold midnight ride of the famous orator. But let them think, as he did, of the One they are to meet at the other end. Jesus said, "I will receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Should not that promise comfort us in the darkest hour?

A WORD OF CHEER.

On the day of one of the fiercest battles in Cuba, when the troops had been ordered to go up the hill at San Juan, one soldier was seen to drop out of line, and, filled with perfect terror at the whistling of the bullets, sat down behind a tree and began to cry as if his heart would break. One soldier kicked him; another with an oath said, "Get up; this is no way to be a soldier;" but the poor fellow only cried the more.

Finally, it is said, one of the officers, said to be General Chaffee, came along, called to the soldier to get up, and, when he did not obey, he got down from his horse, lifted the hat from over the eyes of the man, and then stepped back as he said: "Why, you are only a boy; you are too young to be a soldier; I wish I had the man that allowed you to enlist; you ought to be at home. But, my boy," said the general, "you can be a soldier if you will; you are only afraid of the sound of your own gun. Just fire it off once, and you will lose your fear."

And the boy tried, but he shot his gun straight in the air.

"O my boy," said the officer, you will never hit a Spaniard that way ; hold it down and shoot."

At last the boy did it, and almost instantly he caught the fever of the soldier, and was away like a flash. When the fighting was over and the troops were called back, this boy had led them all in the charge, and it was necessary to send a man out and draw him back ; and, behold, they found that he had been fighting with a bullet in his shoulder. In his enthusiasm as a soldier he had forgotten to think of it. The general in reporting it said, "All he needed was a word of cheer, and I gave it to him."

How many people there are like that ! young men just beginning the battle of life, Christian soldiers, who for some reason have grown discouraged by the way, thousands of earnest souls everywhere, who would do wonders if only some one would speak the word of cheer to them.

THE VISION OF CHRIST.

It is said that Dannecker, the great German sculptor, spent eight years in producing a face of Christ, and at last perfected one in which were blended so beautifully the emotions of love, sorrow, and infinite tenderness that none could look upon it without tears. His countrymen afterwards, wishing him to employ his wonderful talent upon a statue of Venus, were answered thus : "I can never

make a Venus after I have looked upon the face of Christ." Is there not a sublime secret in those words, a secret that reveals the unsatisfactoriness of the fairest earthly thing, that transcends the glitter of this world's splendor, that betrays the poverty of every earthly attraction, and so entrances the soul with the vision of the only One altogether lovely that, "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord?" —*Agnes.*

PRAYER.

A LITTLE girl was with her father one Lord's Day afternoon, when thoughts were buzzing in her little head. She wondered at the change that had taken place in her home, and thought she had better ask her father at once for an explanation. So she clambered upon his knee, and said, "Papa, I want to speak to you."

"What is it?"

"Papa, is God dead?"

"My child, what puts that thought into your head?"

"Because," she said, "I never hear you speaking to him as you used to do."

Ah! that head sunk on his breast.

Is God dead in your life? Have you honestly sent up a petition to him this morning? If you be a gracious soul, if you be a Christian man or woman, you will be a praying man or woman.

GOD'S RECORD BOOKS.

In Philadelphia, a business man who had had a fire in his business premises was telling me about it, and when he had finished his narrative he said, "The very next day, in temporary premises, I just carried on my business."

"How was it possible?" I asked. "How did you manage to keep your customers in hand? I understand your entire plant was destroyed and nothing was recovered but the safe."

"Yes," he replied, "the safe in which the books were was a safe indeed, and the books came through the fire unhurt."

Ah, many a soul would be glad if the red flame that will wrap this earth on God's judgment-day would burn the books, but they are never to be burned; they will come through the fire with all their record of black deeds as legible as ever. O soul, those books, those books of God, that will be opened when the dead are raised—what about your page, what about your record? Has God blotted it out? O, decide this afternoon, in dealing with the Cautioner, in covenanting with the Son of God, to get him to blot out your sins; and, come that day when it will, let the earth rock and reel when it will, let the great white throne be set when it will, in those books the blood has blotted out your sins, and you shall go free.—*J. R.*

UNFAITHFUL PARENTS.

I REMEMBER once holding a series of meetings in Paris, Ill. In walking down the street with one of my assistants I heard him talking with a young man, asking him to be a Christian; but he made no impression upon him.

"Your mother wants you to become a Christian, does she not?" And the young man began to cry.

Then I heard him ask: "Your father wants you to become a Christian, does he not?" And there was no answer.

But soon I heard the young man make this statement: "My father is an officer in the church, but neither of them has ever spoken to me about my soul."

I believe many a father and mother will stand before the Judge on the great day of awards, and hear the words, "Ye were unfaithful."

WE SHALL SEE HIM.

IN the city of Indianapolis a celebrated Quaker minister told me of a friend whose child had been born blind. He was brought to Indianapolis, and this Quaker was asked to find a specialist who would successfully treat him. Such a one was found. When the operation had been finished, he announced that the boy would certainly see; and, sure enough,

he opened his eyes. His first glance rested upon his mother, whom he had never known but by finger-touch. The mother bent down to see whether she was to be recognized, crying out, "O my son! my son!"

The boy gazed at his mother, and, when he knew her, he cried out, "O mother, is this heaven?"

It shall be heaven for us when the scales shall be taken from our eyes, and the veil that dims our vision shall be removed, and we shall see Him face to face.

"I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE."

You remember the story of the soldier who was dying in the military hospital near the field of battle, dying in the ward, and his mother had been summoned; but the doctor says: "Stop; don't rouse him; he is unconscious, it will give him pain; I would advise you not to go to his bed at all; just let him slip away."

"Ah," but she said, "doctor, I cannot; I promise you not to speak to him."

"Well," says the doctor, "if you will promise not to speak, I will let you in."

So the mother went in, and there lay her boy. She will not speak. His eyes are closed, and his pale face tightly pinched as if with pain. No, she will not speak, but she puts her soft hand on his brow. Ah, there was something in that touch. He cannot open his eyes; they are too tightly closed by death for that; but his lips are moving, and, as that touch goes through his being, the boy murmurs in his

death sleep and is saying, "O mother, I knew you would come."

So at last, when the death-dew is gathered on my brow, when the mist falls at last, I shall feel a soft touch, and I shall know who is there. I shall say, "Lord Jesus, my Shepherd, I knew you would come; and he has, glory to God."

SECRET SINS.

Our train is rattling on to the great bridge that spanned the Tay at Dundee. The last curve we have turned, and now it bursts upon us in all its beauty. In the distance, like a crystal-hung spider's web it is, so graceful in its airy flight. Smoothly on to the bridge we glide. Above is the mighty network in all its girder grasp; before, behind, are the proud-stretched iron beams from shore to shore: below, far below, there the waters are churning and chafing around the pillars, as if in angry resentment at the daring intrusion into their private domain. A magnificent structure this Tay bridge, a triumph of architectural art, the wonder of the world in scientific might and magnificence. Ah, yes; but in the midst of that splendid pile there are lurking "secret faults,"—O, just a few little blisters on a girder or two,—"secret faults;" and before the careering blast of a winter night, amid the shrill shriek from the throat of the storm fiend, that great Tay bridge, with its living load of immortal souls, totters and crashes in its thundering fall. Great God! it is down,—"secret faults,"—and the

waters of the Tay gape that awful death-gape, and, hastily hushing the drowning gurgles, they are hurrying on, remorselessly unbroken in their flow to the sea. Alas for secret faults!

WARNINGS UNHEEDED.

THE steamer Portland left Boston harbor in the storm of November, 1898. She left when all the signals for danger were flying; she left when the government agent at the signal office had advised outgoing vessels to remain in port; she left when the owners of the vessel had commanded her to stay at her dock. Why she left no one has ever been able to say. Her captain must have been apprehensive, for he said to the lighthouse-keeper, "Keep your light burning bright to-night, for we may come back."

But she never came back. Outside the harbor the mighty storm caught the vessel in her embrace, and tore her to pieces, and not one on board ever again saw home or friends.

A quill was picked up from the coast which may have been from some of her passengers. The little piece of paper read: "We are on a raft; we have given up all hope; we are going down. O God, if I could only see my wife and little boy again."

It is the saddest story of a wreck written for many a day. And the saddest part of it is that the vessel was wrecked because the captain disobeyed the orders of his superior.

How many lives have been shipwrecked for the

same reason! God has a plan for every life, and his orders must be obeyed. He knows the best for us all. On the highway of the seas there are drifting about more than fifty ships known as derelicts. They have been abandoned by owners and crews, and now, with no compass by means of which they may be guided, with no pilot at the wheel to carry them into the harbor, with no captain to issue orders, and with no crew to obey them, they drift about, only a menace to other vessels that sail the seas. God forbid that any of us should become derelicts or wrecks because we have disobeyed our great Commander. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

DANGER IN DELAY.

The story is told of a boy in Scotland who was in the habit of gathering eagles' eggs in most perilous places. He would fasten a rope to a tree and then about his waist, and would let himself down at dangerous places and swing over to the ledge. While thus engaged one day, in his interest in the occupation he did not notice that the rope was untied; and, when he rose to begin his ascent, the rope had swung beyond his reach. There was nothing he could do, for if he shouted no one could hear him. In perfect despair he waited, knowing not what to expect, until the rope began to swing toward him, moved by the power of the wind which was quickly coming up. It was almost in his grasp when the wind changed and the rope again swung beyond his reach. After a little while it began once more to

swing toward him ; and, when it was just within the reach of his hand if he would spring out, he sprung out and caught it, and was saved.

It is thus with many a man in his lost condition. By the power of the Spirit of God the cord of life comes nearer and nearer until he can all but touch it, and then by his rejection it swings away from him once again. God calls to every such one. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. Lay hold on eternal life."

TIME IS ETERNITY.

(3/8)

THERE is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there ;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

"I HAE NAE RIGHT HAND."

A GOOD story is told about the late Prof. John Stuart Blackie and a student in his university class. The student is now the Rev. A. L. Geggie, of Truro, N. S., whose sermons have been much enjoyed. The story runs thus :—

Professor Blackie was lecturing to a new class with whose personnel he was imperfectly acquainted. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand.

"Sir!" thundered Blackie, "hold your book in

your right hand!" and, as the student would have spoken: "No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!"

The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I hae nae right hand!" he said.

Before Blackie could open his lips there arose such a storm of hisses as one perhaps must go to Edinburgh to hear, and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place, and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt, and put his arm around the lad's shoulders, and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast.

"My boy," said Blackie,—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the class-room,—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was over-rough? I did not know—I did not know!" He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his great heart he said, "And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of gentlemen."

Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Prof. Blackie learned.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

I HAD closed a meeting in the city of Kingston, N. Y., one afternoon when a man came up to me and said, "Would you like to shake hands with a redeemed drunkard?" and, when I assured him that I would, he said: "If you will sit down, I will tell you my story. I used to be one of the well-to-do

men of this city; I lost everything by sin, and fell to the lowest depths by the curse of strong drink; and one day, when I was literally lying in the gutter, an old-time friend shook me by the shoulder, and said, 'If you would see your boy alive, come quickly!' That sobered me in an instant, and hurrying through the streets I made my way to the attic room where my sin had forced my boy and his mother to live, although they had once lived in a beautiful house. My boy was lying on a cot, and the doctor said he was dying. He had been playing in the street, and a great truck had rolled over him. When I entered the room, he beckoned to me to come near, and, taking hold of my hand with strength that seemed beyond him, he pulled me down on my knees; and then he said, 'Papa, I cannot die until you promise me to give up your sin and meet me in heaven.' Then and there I promised, and God for Christ's sake forgave my sin," and, holding up his hands before me, he said, "From that day till this I have felt the clutch of my little boy's hand, and it has pulled me up higher and higher, and I cannot help reaching heaven."—*J. W. C.*

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

One of the most fascinating characters which "Ian Maclaren" sketches for us in his annals of the Scotch saints is the portrait of William MacLure, a Christian physician, whose life was one constant sacrifice offered up cheerfully and patiently for the good of his fellows. When the doctor's time came to go, his old friend Drumsheugh held

him by the hand. As the friend watched, a change came over the face on the pillow beside him. The lines of weariness disappeared as if God's hand had passed over it, and peace began to gather round the closed eyes. The doctor's mind had been wandering, and a little before he had imagined himself out in the storm, struggling through the snow-drifts to get to the bedside of his patient. But now he has forgotten the toil of later years, and has gone back to his boyhood.

" ' The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,' "

he repeated till he came to the last verse, and then he hesitated.

" ' Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me.'

'Follow me'—and—and—what's next? Mother said I was to have it ready when she came. 'I'll come before you go to sleep, Willie, but ye'll no get your kiss unless ye can finish the Psalm.' 'And—in God's house—for evermore my'—how does it run? I cannot mind the next word, 'my'—it's over-dark now to read it, and mother'll soon be coming."

Drumsheugh, in an agony, whispered in his ear, " ' My dwelling-place,' William."

" That's it, that's it, I know ; who said it ?

" ' And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.' "

The good old man, whose work was done, and well done, then stretched himself with a sigh of relief, as he murmured : " I'm ready now, and I'll get my kiss when mother comes. I wish she would come,

for I am tired and wanting to sleep. Yon's her step, and she's carrying a light in her hand; I see it through the door. Mother, I knew ye would not forget your laddie; for ye promised to come, and I have finished my Psalm—

"'And in God's house forever
My dwelling-place shall be.'

Give me the kiss, mother, for I've been waiting for ye, and I'll soon be asleep."

The gray morning light fell on Drumsheugh still holding his friend's hand and staring at a hearth where the fire had died down into white ashes, but the peace on the doctor's face was of one who rested from his labors.

That's the way a Christian can die. I call you to this sublime faith in Jesus Christ, which brightens youth, adorns middle life, glorifies old age, and takes the sting out of death. He who trusts Christ may sing with the poet, in all confidence.

DRIFTING.

A PARTY took a steamer at Buffalo, and went down the Niagara to within a mile or so of the rapids, and had a picnic. In the evening, the whistle blew, and the party gathered and launched forth. It was soon discovered that the steam was too low, and the boat unable to stem the strong current. Before steam of a proper pressure could be got up, the boat would be lost. Suddenly the engineer remembered a barrel of oil that had been put on board for lubricating purposes. The boat was still

slowly but surely going down the stream. Faces were white with fear, and many were praying to whom it was an unwonted exercise. But when the oil was thrown upon the fire, and the flames rose higher and higher, suspense became an agony. The steam rose rapidly; the downward movement of the boat ceased; and at last it was seen that it was making progress against the current, and was on its way to the city. Then a shout rang through the air, for all knew that they had been saved.

Alas, that so many souls drifting down to destruction care so little for their danger, and seek no means of escape!

WHERE TO?

I HEARD of a negro who was asked, when his master died, where he had gone to. Had he gone to heaven? "Ah, no," he replied, "I don't think he has gone to heaven. He never told me about that place; and, when he was going anywhere, I had to pack his bags, and he talked to me weeks before about it, so that I should get everything ready; but I never heard him speak about heaven. No, I don't think he has gone to heaven, because I did not pack his bags, he never mentioned the place, he did not say he was getting ready. I am certain, wherever he has gone, it is not to heaven, for he made no preparation; massa has not gone to heaven." Ah, sometimes as the clods fall thud on the coffin-lid we cannot help thinking that wherever the soul has gone, it is not to heaven, for he made no preparation. We never saw him exer-

cised about getting ready for the journey. Enoch made preparation. He said, "Good-by; I am off for God: I am going to walk with God," and he started in the heavenly walk.

FOUND AT LAST.

STANLEY had for many days hewed his way through the forests of Africa in search of Livingstone. Day after day, with longing heart, he walked onward; and at last saw in a valley a native village. Without any thought that the great object of his search was there, he stumbled on, tired and weary. A black young man suddenly appeared and greeted the stranger with the English words, "Good morning, sir."

Stanley started. "Good morning," in the heart of an African wild! "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Dr. Livingstone's servant."

What a joy came into the searcher's heart! O, he is found.

"Is he there in the village?" says Stanley.

"Yes, Dr. Livingstone is there."

All at once he sees before him, clad in an old sailor's dress, with the remnants of the gold tassel on his cap, bronzed and weather-beaten, thin and weary-looking, the man he had come so far to find. Hardly able to control his feelings, he lifted his pith helmet, and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes."

It was all done: found at last. Ah, it will be that way with you and me if we walk with God.

Some day the heavenly city will appear in sight; some day an angelic messenger will come to us as a herald from the King, and say, "Good morning, sir;" and I will say, "Who are you?"

"I am the servant of the Lord Jesus."

"Is he there?"

"Yes, he is there."

"And by and by I shall come into the presence of one who is wondrous fair, and I shall say, "My Saviour, I presume?" and he will say, "Yes, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE UNNOTICED BOUND.

When passing southward, I may cross the line
Between the Arctic and Atlantic oceans;
I may not know by any test of mine,
By any startling signs or strange communications
Across my track.

But as the days grow brighter, one by one,
And e'en the icebergs melt their hardened faces,
And sailors linger, basking in the sun,
I know I must have made the change of places
Some distance back.

When answering timidly my Master's call,
I pass the bourne of death in coming to him,
When in my love for him I give up all,
The very moment I thought I knew him,
I cannot tell.

But, as increasingly I feel his love,
And this cold heart is melted to o'erflowing,
And now, so dear, the light coming from above,
I wonder at the change, and move on, knowing
That all is well.

—*Anonymous.*

DEATH UNCLOUDED. (283)

A LIEUTENANT in an Iowa regiment was brought into the hospital wounded in the shoulder. At first, it was thought that he would recover, but after a few days he rapidly declined. Just before his death a lady nurse said to him, "Lieutenant, you have but a few moments to live; if you have any word to send to your wife and little one in Iowa, you must speak it very quickly." He looked up at her, his face shining like an angel's, and said, "Tell my wife that there is not a cloud between me and Jesus."—*Rev. G. S. Savage.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S SWAN-SONG.

THERE are some that are like what is fabled of the swan. The ancients said the swan never sung in his lifetime, but always sung just when he died. Now, there are many of God's desponding children, who seem to go all their life under a cloud; but they get a swan's song before they die. The river of their life comes running down, perhaps black and miry with troubles; and, when it begins to touch the white foam of the sea, there comes a little glis-

tening in the waters. So, beloved, though we may have been very much dispirited by reason of the burden of the way, when we get to the end, we shall have sweet songs. Are you afraid of dying? O, never be afraid of that; be afraid of living. Living is the only thing which can do any mischief; dying can never hurt a Christian. Afraid of the grave? It is the bath of Esther, in which she lay for a time to purify herself with spices, that she might be fit for her lord.—*Spurgeon.*

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES.

Dan. Rev. 3:3.

THERE is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns as a mill receives grain, for the purpose of determining wholesale whether they are of full weight. As they pass through, the machinery by unerring laws throws all that are light to one side, and all that are of full weight to another. That process is a silent but solemn parable for me. Founded as it is upon the laws of nature, it affords the most vivid similitude of the certainty which characterizes the judgment of the great day. There are no mistakes or partialities to which the light may trust; the only hope lies in being of standard weight before they go in.—*Arnot.*

TRUSTING IN JESUS.

AFTER the terrible battle of Pittsburg Landing, we were taking the wounded down the Tennessee River to a hospital. I said to some of the Christian Com-

mission, "We must not let a man die on the boat without telling him of Christ and heaven."

You know the cry of a wounded man is, "Water! water!" As we passed along from one to another giving them water, we tried to tell them of the water of life, of which if they would drink they would never die. I came to one man who had about as fine a face as I ever saw. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. I went to the doctor, and said, "Doctor, do you think that man will recover?"

"No; he lost so much blood before we got him off the field that he fainted while we were amputating his leg. He will never recover."

I said: "I can't find out his name, and it seems a pity to let him die without knowing who he is. Don't you think we can bring him to?"

"You may give him a little brandy and water," said the doctor; "that will revive him if anything will."

I sat down beside him, and gave him brandy and water every now and then. While I was waiting, I said to a man near by, "Do you know this man?"

"O yes, that is my chum."

"Has he a father and mother living?"

"He has a widowed mother."

"Has he any brothers or sisters?"

"Two sisters, but he is the only son."

"What is his name?"

"William Clark."

I said to myself that I could not let him die without getting a message for that mother. Presently he opened his eyes, and I said, "William, do you know where you are?"

He looked around a little dazed, and then said, "O yes; I am on my way home to mother."

"Yes, you are on your way home," I said; "but the doctor says you won't reach your earthly home. I thought I'd like to ask you if you had any message for your mother."

His face lighted up with an unearthly glow, as he said, "O yes; tell my mother that I died trusting in Jesus!"

It was one of the sweetest things I ever heard in my life!

Presently I said, "Anything else, William?"

With a beautiful smile he said, "Tell my mother and sisters to be sure and meet me in heaven;" and he closed his eyes. He was soon unconscious again, and in a few hours his soul took its flight to join his Lord and Master.—*D. L. Moody.*

FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

In the city of Rochester a business man who was in the habit of going frequently to New York was one day returning from his journey when he saw a crowd of people rushing along the street to a pond which was off beyond a vacant lot, and as he hurried he heard the people saying that a boy who was skating on the ice had broken through and was drowning. Naturally courageous, he threw away his travelling-bag, drew off his outer coat as he ran, plunged into the water, and at the risk of his own life saved the boy. When he reached the shore of the pond, some people took the boy and carried him

away, others helped the man in his weakness. When he was able to walk, he made his way to the boy, who was lying face downward, turned him over, and it was his own boy.

How often this has been true in Christian work! We have been concerned for others as well as our own. We have labored earnestly in the interest of others, and God has blessed us in the salvation of those who are more than dear to us.

GOD'S LOVE.

While I was laboring one time in the city of Hartford there came an invitation to me to go and speak to the deaf and dumb children and young people who had never heard a human voice. It seemed to me a very strange request; yet, when I spoke, there stood behind me a man whose hands moved rapidly, and, as he interpreted in the sign language my message, I could see that there was the deepest interest in all that was being spoken.

When the service was over, I said to myself, "This is remarkable;" but, as I was leaving the building, the principal called me into his office, and said, "Let me show you our special student." He called in a little boy who was born deaf and dumb, who had had the scarlet fever, and had lost his eyesight and the senses of smell and of taste, and was left with only the sense of touch. His parents brought him to the institution, but the teachers had failed to teach him anything, when there came in a young girl from Hartford who said, "Let me teach

him the language of touch." And, as his teacher took his little hand in hers, her fingers moved rapidly in the palm of his hand, his sightless eyes flashed with intelligence, and he hurried away to perform her bidding. She had sent him to another part of the building for a clock which he did not know was in existence, and when he came back with the clock I said, "This is remarkable."

But this is exactly what God has done for us all in Christ. We were blind, and he touched our eyes to see; we were deaf and dumb, and he made us to speak and to hear; we were dead, and he touched us into life; and everything we have to-day we have because he loved us.—*J. W. C.*

"IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON."

I HEAR it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone;
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better further on."

Night and day it sings the same song,
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings it so the heart can hear it,
"It is better further on."

Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better further on."

Further on ! how much further?
Count the milestones one by one ?
No, no counting, only trusting,
"It is better further on."

THE LEGEND OF JERUSALEM.

THERE is an old story that one day when Peter was walking along the streets of the city of Jerusalem a woman who was frantic because of her grief laid hold upon him and besought him for help in behalf of her husband who was dying. Peter suggested that she go through the city asking alms for him, and she indignantly replied that they had no need of alms, for they were people of wealth, whereupon Peter said, "Not alms of money, but alms of time ; and every day or portion of a day that you can gain from the lives of other people shall be added to the life of your husband."

She went everywhere seeking, but without success. She met the man who was once a leper, and he declined to give any of his life to another. She met the rich young ruler, who turned away from her entreaty ; and at last, weary and forlorn, she hastened back into the presence of Peter to say, "I have utterly failed, but I have come to say that I will give my own life for my husband."

She had fallen at Peter's feet in her weakness. Taking her by the hand, he lifted her up to say : "My child, you have learned the lesson. I will give half your life to your husband, and you can keep

half for yourself, and you two shall go on together to the end."

The old legend contains in it a lesson we all need. It is that, when we would be willing to yield ourselves to God in behalf of those who are about us, God's special blessing would rest upon the effort we put forth in their behalf.

TRAMPLING ON GOD'S LOVE.

THE story is told of an old father who said one night to his son, the evening of the day when he had placed his aged wife in her grave, "My son, stay in with me to-night, for the old house seems so lonesome." But the son whose life had become dissipated said that he could not. The father's appeal was more tenderly made, and still rejected. And so at last his father placed himself on the floor before the door, and said, "If you pass out of this house to-night you must go over my body;" and the boy hesitated but for a moment, and then stepped over his father's body, threw open the door, and went out on the streets and into sin.

We shudder at such a story as this; yet there are thousands of people who are treating God in the same manner, and over the Bible, and the church, and the cross, and the love of God, they make their way toward the lost-world.

GOD'S FORGIVENESS.

ONE of our most distinguished evangelists tells the story of a celebrated minister who was preach-

ing to a great company of men in his own church, and in his sermon it occurred to him that if he told the story of his own life he might impress them; and so he said, "To my shame I confess that when I was young I broke almost every law of God except one, and the worst of it was, I broke my mother's heart too. I made her hair turn gray before the time, and made her blush many times that she had given me birth. Then God met me, and for Christ's sake forgave my sins."

When his appeal was finished, there were scores of men who were deeply impressed and many ready to accept such a Saviour. When the benediction had been pronounced, his church officers gathered about him to say that they had never heard him preach such a sermon.

When they had left, down the aisle there came an old woman. Her hair was gray, but it was like a halo of glory about her. Her brow was furrowed, but it was like the touch of angel's fingers; her back was bent, but it was as if she were reaching forward to take her crown; and, when she reached the minister, she put her arms about him, and said, "O, my son, why did you tell it? You never were bad in all this world." And there she was, the same mother whose heart had been well-nigh broken, and whose face had reddened again and again because this boy was her son. Her mother's love had forgotten all his sin, and this is the picture of God, When he forgives, he forgets, and it is as if we never had sinned when once we take Christ.

INTEMPERANCE.

It is an awful sin, and is the devil's way of overthrowing a man. The old story of the serpent in the fable is one in point.

The serpent found himself surrounded with a ring of fire, and said to a man standing near, "Lift me out;" and the answer was, "If I do, you will bite me." Over and over the serpent pledged himself that he would not do it; and finally, the fable goes, the man reached over and lifted the serpent from his perilous position; but he was no sooner safe than his fangs protruded and he made ready to strike with the sting of death.

"But you promised you would not," said his rescuer.

"I know I did," said the serpent; "but it is my nature to sting, and I cannot help it."

And this is true of the devil in the matter of strong drink. Men have trifled with it, and imagine that when they choose to do so they can break themselves free from its power; but it is its nature to sting and kill and to destroy, and no one is so strong that he can overcome it in his own strength if it once gets a hold upon his life.

$10,000 TO SAVE BABY.

A bone button ran a race with medical skill. The purse was high. Ten thousand dollars was offered to defeat the button. But, though five

doctors worked with might and main, the button came in winner, and a human life was sacrificed to a simple nursery accident.

The mother was in an adjoining room when a choking sound caught her ear. She ran into the nursery, and saw the child writhing on the floor, black in the face. A big bone button, which she had taken into her mouth, baby-like, had lodged in her windpipe. The mother's cries rang through the house.

Soon a doctor came, and then two more. They worked over the little sufferer, striving by every means to dislodge the bone disk which was slowly choking the child to death. The frantic mother ran about the room, wringing her hands and crying to them to save her child.

"Madam," said one of the physicians, "I fear——"

"Oh, don't say that! I can't bear it! Send for more doctors. She must be saved!"

Two more physicians of the neighborhood were soon in the room. But, though heroic remedies were tried, and methods almost barbarous in their severity, they could not dislodge the button. Life was ebbing fast.

The mother saw her child's death-sentence in their faces.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars to save her—I'll give you five—I'll give you ten! My husband has money, plenty. I will see that you are paid as I promise. Only do not let my little Annie die!"

The doctors turned away. Accustomed as they were to death-room scenes, they were shaken by this mother's awful anguish.

"Too late," murmured one.

She caught the whisper, and turned to look. Tottering, she essayed to reach the side of her darling, then suddenly, before the physicians could reach and catch her, fell senseless to the floor.

TO-MORROW.

One of the most successful evangelists in the North told me that he had been conducting meetings in one of the Southern cities, and the service closed with one man in particular very near to the kingdom of God, but still unsaved. Some time passed by, and he returned to the same city, when one of the ministers met him to say that this man was very ill in the hospital, not expected to live, and was still unsaved.

The evangelist made his way to the hospital, sat down beside the cot, and besought his friend to yield to Christ. The only response he could get from him was, "I will some day, but not now." He had but just a little time to spend with him before he must hasten away to catch his train, and this time had at last dwindled to five minutes, when he fell on his knees and spent the time in prayer, saying, "If at any time you will yield to Christ, simply press my hand, and I shall know that it is the giving up of your will." But the prayer ended and there was no response on the part of the dying man.

It seemed to my friend as if he could not turn away from this man who was so near eternity without one last appeal, and, bending over him, he said, "Tell me when you will come."

There was the faintest movement of the lips, but no sound came; and, bending down very close, my friend heard him whisper, "I think I will come to-morrow."

The evangelist hurried away and took his train for his next engagement, only to be met there by a telegram which announced the death of his friend. To-morrow was his eternity, and he was unsaved.

DISCOURAGED CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

HAVE you noticed how the engine-driver in charge of a train, when he stops at a station, pays hardly any attention to the traffic at the station, no attention to the passengers—whether some millionaire is travelling or not? But, when the train stops, he is out with the oil-flask, lifting the little brass covers and pouring in a few drops in one place, then in another, to prevent friction and to make everything work easily; for friction means breakdown, and breakdown may mean disaster.

So with Christ. Are you, my brother, the engine pulling and tugging away at some church in a backwoods district or in a very godless town? My sister, are you an engine in your own way, pulling and tugging at some Bible class or Sabbath school or tract distribution in some wretched slum? You do not mean to give it up, but you feel as if the wheels are barely turning, you are making nothing of it. Think of this: the Lord looks after the engine especially. He comes with the oil of comfort, and pours it on your overheated spirit.—*John McNeill.*

WANTED—A NEW SONG!

THERE was a Wesleyan preacher in England, Peter Mackenzie, full of native humor, a most godly man. He was once preaching from the text, "And they sang a new song," and he said :—

"Yes, there will be singing in heaven, and when I get there I will want to have David with his harp, and Paul, and Peter, and other saints gather around for a sing. And I will announce a hymn from the Wesleyan Hymnal. 'Let us sing hymn No. 749,—

'My God, my Father, while I stray.'

"But some one will say: 'That won't do. You are in heaven, Peter; there's no straying here.' And I will say, 'Yes, that's so. Let us sing No. 651,—

'Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though friends be gone and hopes be dead—'

"But another saint will interrupt, 'Peter, you forget you are in heaven now; there are no storms here.' 'Well, I will try again, No. 536—

'Into a world of ruffians sent——'

"'Peter! Peter!' some one will say, 'we will put you out unless you stop giving out inappropriate hymns.' I will ask, 'What can we sing?' And they will all say, 'Sing the new song, the song of Moses and the Lamb.'"

THE LAST CHANCE.

A VERY distinguished gentleman living in Dumfries, Scotland, much worn because of arduous labor, went away from his home, leaving word with his secretary that for a certain length of time he should be left absolutely free from all worry in his place of rest. Only telegrams should be sent him, but all his mail should be placed one side and await his return unopened.

The days of resting passed, and he returned in full vigor. While glancing carelessly through his mail, he came to one envelope which bore the stamp of her Majesty the Queen. He opened it quickly, and there found that he had been commanded to appear in the presence of her representative and state whether he would accept the baronetcy, which, as every one knows, is a special honor bestowed by the Queen upon her loyal subjects who for some reason have become renowned. The command went on to state that a reply as to whether there would be an acceptance must be sent within thirty days. When he consulted his calendar, he found that but two days of time were left. With all haste he left his home, hurried on to the presence of the representative of the Queen, and almost at the last moment was enabled to accept the honor at her hand.

God has offered us a better honor than this; he has said, "To-day if you will accept, harden not your hearts." It is a dangerous thing to wait even for a moment, for it may be God's last call.

IT WAS NOT SAFE.

THERE is the story of Dr. Chalmers. A lady came to him, and said, "Doctor, I cannot bring my child to Christ. I've talked, and talked, but it's of no use."

The doctor thought that she had not much skill, and said, "Now you be quiet, and I will talk to her alone."

When he got the girl alone, he said to her: "They are bothering you a good deal about this question; now, suppose I tell your mother you don't want to be talked to any more upon the subject for a year. How will that do?"

Well, the Scotch lassie hesitated a little, and then said she did not think it would be safe to wait for a year. Something might turn up. She might die.

"That's so," replied the doctor; "but suppose we say six months."

She did not think even this would be safe.

"Well, let us say three months," was the doctor's reply.

After a little hesitation the girl finally said, "I don't think it would be safe to put it off for three months—don't think it would be safe to put it off at all," and they went down on their knees, and she found Christ.

SCIENCE'S DEBT TO MISSIONS.

In setting forth the debt of science to missions, Archdeacon Farrar offered these interrogatories by way of suggestion.

Is it nothing that through the missionaries' labor in the translation of the Bible, the German philologist in his study may have before him the vocabulary of two hundred and fifty languages?

Who created the science of anthropology? The missionaries.

Who rendered possible the deeply important science of comparative religions? The missionaries.

Who discovered the great chain of lakes in Central Africa, on which will turn its future destiny? The missionaries.

Who have been the chief explorers of Oceanica, America, and Asia? The missionaries.

Who discovered the Hittite inscription? A Presbyterian missionary.

Who discovered the still more famous Moabite stone? A missionary.

THE THIRTEENTH PSALM.

I was once visiting a sick gentleman into whose chamber of sickness a little bird had come, and it could not find its way out. It knocked its head and wings against the wall until weary; it would take

no help from us. It was trying its own plan ; and, when it could do no more, it allowed me to take it in my hand, and I felt its little heart throb. I took it to the open part of the window, and it took wing and went away. In a little while we heard it chirping upon the bush beside the cottage as if nothing had happened, and I said to myself : I understand the thirteenth Psalm. Here is David most anxious to be free, taking counsel in his own soul and having only sorrow in his heart, unable to rise and go free, yet wearying and wounding himself and taking counsel of his own, and then at the end of the Psalm rejoicing in God's salvation and in a little while singing "unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me."—*J. G. Cunningham.*

A TRIUMPHANT LIFE.

I WENT once into the house of a poor woman in Scotland who was rather old and blind and deaf, and not rich in the things of this world, but rich in faith. When I got into the cottage, I detected that she was repeating to herself the one hundred and thirtieth Psalm. I would not interrupt her, and so just waited until she had finished the Psalm, and I saw what I will never forget. I saw that, when that old woman came to the line, "And plenteous redemption is ever found with him," there shone upon her face the light that never shone on land or sea—the light of an exceeding joy in Jesus Christ. She put up her thin hand, and, not knowing any one but God was hearing, she said, "Plenteous redemption,

plenty for all; plenty for me; plenteous redemption is ever found with him." How can I ever read the words or sing them without thinking of that saint on Jordan's banks rejoicing before God that there was plenteous redemption, and plenty for all? —*J. G. Cunningham.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

A FRIEND of mine described to me his journey to a Southern city, and told me of an invitation which he had had to be the guest in a certain home at dinner. He said the very outside of the house impressed him that something was wrong, and when he sat down at the dinner-table there was an undercurrent of confusion everywhere. The children were untidy in their appearance; the husband was restless and impatient; and, when the dinner was over, the husband said to my friend: "I must introduce you to my wife. She has been ill for months." And, when he had bowed in prayer at the bedside of the suffering woman, he came away saying, "God pity a man who has such a home as that."

A year later, when preaching in the same city, the same gentleman came to request his presence in his home. His first impression was to decline, for he remembered his visit of a year ago. But because the gentleman was so earnest in the present invitation he went, and no sooner saw the house than everything seemed different. Within he could see only the perfection of housekeeping. As he sat at

the table, the service was perfect; but opposite the husband at the other side of the table sat the wife and mother, restored to health; and my friend came away from the home saying, "God bless a man who has a home as happy as that."

It is easy to understand the difference in the other picture. In one case the mother was sick, and in the other she was perfectly well. But there is a greater difference between the mother who is sin-sick, and in touch with the world, and the one that is right with God and living for his glory.—*J. W. C.*

DELAY DANGEROUS.

In the days of the war a soldier was carried in from the battle-field and placed in the hospital, and it was found that his shattered leg must be amputated. In those days of imperfect surgery one of the larger arteries was cut and for some reasons could not be tied; and so the nurse, putting his hand upon the artery, stayed for a little time the flowing of the life's blood. So long as the hand was kept there the patient could live, but as soon as it was removed death was sure. While the soldier sent his farewell messages to his home the nurse held his hand over the artery. While in prayer he prepared himself to meet his God the hand was also held in the way of the life's blood; but at last it was removed, and slowly but surely he passed into the presence of God.

It is a true picture of many a man brought under special influences, into the day of revival and the

time when the church is particularly aroused. So long as these influences are round about the life, that life is safe; but, when men try to work them, the chances are all against them. It is a dangerous thing to permit a revival to come to an end, to let the influences that are sent of God be lifted. When God says, "Come," it is dangerous to tarry.

GOD'S CALLS ARE FOR TO-DAY.

A GENTLEMAN who was a member of a church of which I was pastor in Ohio was riding along the country road, when his horse threw him. His feet still held in the stirrup, and he was dragged along the country way until at last the strap broke; and, more nearly dead than alive, he was found lying by the roadside. For weeks he hovered between life and death, and then came back again to a semblance of his former strength. While sitting beside him one day I asked him whether he had not before settled the question of his soul's salvation, it would have been possible for him in the days of his pain to have done so. Instantly he replied, "Far from it, for at no time in my sickness could I have centred my mind sufficiently upon Christ to have made a deliberate choice of him."

God's calls are all for to-day, and he who tarries until he lies upon a sick-bed or is unexpectedly brought face to face with eternity will doubtless tarry until it is too late.—*J. W. C.*

THE LORD'S APPOINTMENT.

I SAY it over and over, and yet again to-day
It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday;
"It is the Lord's appointment;"
Whatever my work may be,
I am sure in my heart of hearts
He has offered it for me.

I must say it over and over, and yet again to-day,
For my work is somewhat different from yesterday;
"It is the Lord's appointment;"
It quiets my restless will
Like voice of tender mother,
And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this and every day,
Whatsoever the Master orders, come what may,
"It is the Lord's appointment;"
For only his love can see
What is wisest, best, and right,
What is truly good for me.

THE LIMITS OF A FATHER'S LOVE.

A FATHER living in the South sent his son to a Northern institution of learning. To his great sorrow the father found on his son's return after graduation that he had become intemperate. In

sorrow and in shame his mother died with a broken heart, and yet the father loved him.

The young man steadily went from bad to worse until one morning when his father had driven him from his country home to the city. As he stepped out of his carriage, his son met him and made some request. The father refused. The boy in anger drew back his fist, and struck his father in the face. The old man staggered but for a moment, and then stepped into the carriage, drove back to his home in the country, was seen by the servants to walk away across the lawn and out to the family burial-ground. Here he fell upon his knees by his wife's grave, gave a shriek which every one of them heard, then another, and with a new expression on his face rose to come back to his house.

He met his son at the door, and as he started to enter the father put out his hand, and said: "You cannot come in. You have broken your old mother's heart, and sent her in sorrow to her grave, and now you have broken the last cord; you must go away." And the boy turned and left the house, went out through the gate, down the roadway, and was gone.

This is an extreme case showing how a father's love has its limits. It would almost seem impossible for God's love to be trifled with too far, and yet the Word of God declares that there is a time when we may call and he will not answer, and the old poem reads,—

> "There is a time we know not when,
> A place we know not where,
> That seals the destiny of man,
> For glory or for despair."

INTEMPERANCE, THE ROAD TO DEATH.

James Stirling, the old temperance apostle of Scotland, who was rescued like a brand from the burning from the curse of strong drink, was one day entering a church in Dundee. A messenger overtook him to say that his son was in one of the inns of the town intoxicated. The old man asked them to hold the audience until he could return, and, going over to his son, he took him to his room and stayed with him until the stupor was somewhat gone; and then he pleaded with him never to drink again, and under the influence of his father the son signed the pledge. James Stirling came back to his audience, and spoke as if he had been inspired against the awful curse.

When he returned to the inn and had gone to his room, he had but just fallen asleep when a messenger came to say that there was something wrong with his boy. He hurried back to the room where he had left him early in the evening, and found him dead. He had died by his own hand, and left this letter:—

"Dear Father:—I did the very best I could. The old appetite came back on me. I struggled against it, and went down. I knew it would kill you, and so I have taken my own life. Good-by."

And it is said that when James Stirling read this letter he threw his hands to his head, then fell with a shriek upon the floor, and called out, saying,

"My God, if I had been a different man myself, this never would have happened." All sin is dangerous, but this sin it would seem is more insidious than any other. God's Word is absolutely true, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

THE THIRTEENTH PSALM.

One of our greatest preachers and most esteemed theologians in Scotland was the Rev. Thomas Boston. Many here may know his book on "The Fourfold State of Man," as well as others of his works which are singularly helpful to those to whom Christ has said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Now, Thomas Boston wrote almost every morning in his diary, and he put down there what he did not expect or desire, perhaps, that the world should ever know, how he spent his morning, how he spent the day, what his spiritual experience was, what he did in the way of fasting and praying; and I read in that book, for it was published by his heirs, the sentence "Was greatly comforted to-day by the thirteenth Psalm."

And I said to myself, "What is in the thirteenth Psalm?" I turned it up, and I never forgot it from that day. It has just six verses, two of complaint, two of prayer, and two of thanksgiving. We will read it together. "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? forever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me? How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? how long

shall mine enemy be exalted over me?" These are the two of complaint.

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God; lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death; lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him; and those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved." These are the two of prayer, and then come the two of thanksgiving: "But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation. I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me."

No wonder that Thomas Boston was comforted. No wonder that every one that knows this Psalm has found it a well in the valley of Baca at which they have sat down and drunk and been refreshed; and I pray that God may give us grace to draw near to this well of salvation together and to rejoice together in the wonderful transition from despair to joy.—*J. G. Cunningham.*

"I WILL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING."

In a former parish an old lady dwelling in the home of her son was seen to grow weaker and weaker, and, although she was not confined to her bed, yet it seemed to those who looked upon her as if she were day by day more ready for heaven. She sat in the family circle one night until it was her time to retire, and unaided and alone she rose to leave the room. She held in her hand a little lamp which she always carried with her even though the house might be ablaze with light, and as she stood in the

door the light of the lamp made her face to shine as with the glory of heaven. She said to them all, "Good night ; I will see you in the morning."

She ascended the stairs, went into her room, and, when the morning came, she gave no response to the knock at the door. When it was opened, they found her lying there with her hands folded, the same sweet smile upon her face even in death ; but in the night the angels had taken her away. Her son in giving the picture of her death said that his greatest consolation was that he would see her in the morning.—*J. W. C.*

BETHLEHEM TOWN.

As I was going to Bethlehem town,
Upon the earth I cast me down
All underneath a little tree
That whispered in this wise to me :
"O, I shall stand on Calvary
And bear what burthen saveth thee !"

As up I fared to Bethlehem town,
I met a shepherd coming down,
And thus he quoth : "A wondrous sight
Hath spread before mine eyes this night—
An angel host most fair to see,
That sung full sweetly of a tree
That shall uplift on Calvary
What burthen saveth you and me !"

And as I got to Bethlehem town,
Lo ! wise men came that bore a crown.

"Is there," cried I, "in Bethlehem
A king shall wear this diadem?"
"Good sooth," they quoth, "and it is He
That shall be lifted on the tree,
And freely shed on Calvary
What blood redeemeth us and thee!"

Unto a child in Bethlehem town
The wise men came and brought a crown;
And, while the infant smiling slept,
Upon their knees they fell and wept;
But, with her babe upon her knee
Naught recked that mother of the tree
That should uplift on Calvary
What burthen saveth all and me.

Again I walk in Bethlehem town,
And think on Him that wears the crown;
I may not kiss His feet again,
Not worship Him as did I then;
My King hath died upon the tree,
And hath outpoured on Calvary
What blood redeemeth you and me!

—*Eugene Field.*

AWAKENED RECOLLECTIONS.

Several years ago, a minister in a town much resorted to by invalids was requested to see a gentleman reported to be very ill. He went accordingly. The patient was a man between fifty and sixty, and had been a successful merchant in the metropolis. He had been ordered to this health

resort, but, as it proved, only to die there. The minister soon saw that it was no earnest desire for spiritual benefit that had prompted the request. On the contrary, he felt that there was little or no sense of the gravity of the case, and no sympathy with his own concern for the sufferer. He felt as if, on the part of the relatives, at least, there was almost suppressed ridicule of his efforts to guide the dying man to the truth.

Altogether the case was about as hopeless a one as my friend has ever dealt with. Still he persevered. I cannot remember whether it was during the first visit or upon a second call that it occurred to him, seeing the sufferer was a Scotchman, to take advantage of a line in the metrical version of the Psalms used in Scotland, to convey the saving truth he was trying to state.

"There is a line in one of your Scotch Psalms," said my friend, "that contains in five words all I would tell you. I do not know the Psalm, or the rest of the verse; but here are the words, and the whole gospel is in them :—

"None perish that him trust."

The invalid looked up from his pillow, and slowly repeated :—

"Ill shall the wicked slay; laid waste
Shall be who hate the just;
The Lord redeems his servants' souls;
None perish that him trust."

"That is it," said my friend; "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. None perish that him trust. Where did you learn that Psalm?"

"My mother taught me it when I was a boy. She used to go to Dr. Alexander's church at Edinburgh."

Old recollections seemed awakened. Attentively he listened to what more it was thought proper to add. He requested a repetition of the visit. How often after that the minister saw him I do not recollect; but from that hour there was a marked change, and an evident, growing interest as the way of salvation was explained.

The last time my friend was sent for, he went without delay; but it was too late, or seemed to be too late, for the dying man to receive aught from human lips. He was already far down the valley, alone, and friends could only look after him as he descended. As they gazed in silence, they saw his lips moving. My friend bent down to catch the faint whispers that followed one another in slow succession; they were,—

"None——perish——that——him——trust."

He heard no more; but left, indulging a cheerful confidence that the seed cast into the heart of her boy by a mother long, long years before, had borne fruit to eternal life.

SECRET THOUGHTS.

I HOLD it true that thoughts are things—
Endowed with being, breath, and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill.

That which we call our "secret thoughts"
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it, as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades, when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will
And leave their impress, by and by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And, after you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and moulding fate—
God's system is so intricate!

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

"THAT'S ME!"

SITTING down in the orphanage grounds upon one of the seats, I was talking with one of our brother trustees, when a little fellow, we should think about eight years of age, left the other boys who were playing around us, and came deliberately up to us.

He opened fire upon us thus: "Please, Mr. Spurgeon, I want to come and sit down on that seat between you two gentlemen."

"Come along, Bob, and tell us what you want."

"Please, Mr. Spurgeon, suppose there was a little boy who had no father, who lived in an orphanage with a lot of other little boys who had no father, and suppose those little boys had mothers and aunts who comed once a month, and brought them apples and oranges, and gave them pennies, and suppose this little boy had no mother and no aunts, and so nobody never came to bring him nice things, don't you think somebody ought to give him a penny? 'Cause, Mr. Spurgeon, that's me."

Somebody felt something wet in his eye, and Bob got a sixpence, and went off in a great state of delight. Poor little soul, he had seized the opportunity to pour out a bitterness which had rankled in his little heart, and made him miserable when the monthly visiting-day came round, and, as he said, "nobody never came to bring him nice things."

Turning the tables, we think some grown-up persons, who were once little Bobs and Harrys, might say: "Suppose there was a poor sinner who deserved to be sent to hell, but was forgiven all his sins by sovereign grace, and made a child of God, don't you think he ought to help on the Saviour's cause? 'Cause, Mr. Spurgeon, that's me."—*Spurgeon.*

POWER OF INFLUENCE.

One of the old Puritan fathers wrote the book "The Bruised Reed." Richard Baxter read it, and wrote the "Call to the Unconverted;" Philip Doddridge read that, and wrote the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." Wilberforce read his book, and wrote "A Practical View of Christianity." Legh Richmond read that, and wrote the "Dairyman's Daughter." Dr. Chalmers read the "Dairyman's Daughter," and it changed his whole ministry. He became a marvelous man of God on fire for souls, and stirred the whole land in which he lived.

THE FULNESS OF GOD.

There is a story told of an old Norwegian king that once was given a drinking horn to drink from, and he began to try to empty it; but, as he kept on drinking, it seemed as if it never would empty. When he got tired, he looked around, and found that it was connected with a pipe, and that the pipe was connected with the ocean, and that as fast as the horn emptied the water ran in and filled it, and that he would have to drink up the whole ocean in order to empty the cup.

The reason so many are not satisfied is that they have not got the ocean back of their cup. O, if you get Christ behind you, he is a spring of everlasting life.

You cannot drink him dry any more than you can drink the ocean dry. And so we determine to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ. We want you to see no man, exalt no man, forget every human power, and every human authority, and every human voice that does not rest on Christ's word. We bring to you Jesus; we bring, perhaps, the fulness of Jesus in some way you have not seen before; but it is all. If there is to be more joy in your heart, it is to be the joy of Jesus; if there is to be more power in your life, it is to be Jesus; if there is to be more strength in your body, it is because you are closer to the Lord.

THE CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL.

A MINER in the north of England came home from work, and saw a strange sight through the open door of his cottage—to him a strange sight. He saw his little girl kneeling before a stool, and she had her hands folded and her eyes shut. He had never taught her to pray, and he wondered what she would say. So he gently shut the door and stood, and he heard the child say :—

> "Two little eyes to look for the Lord,
> Two little ears to hear his word,
> Two little hands to work for his praise,
> Two little feet to walk in his ways. Amen."

And he said to himself, "Here is my child in the simplest words yielding herself to the Lord, which her father never did." That broke his heart. It was twenty years after that he told the friend through

whom I came to know it, that that was the turning-point of his life. The little child led him to God.

O my friends, let us without any hesitation, without any reserve, yield all that we are, surrender all to Christ.—*J. G. Cunningham.*

MEN NOT INDIFFERENT.

WHATEVER man may say with his lips, at heart he can hardly be indifferent to his soul's salvation. One bitterly cold day, with the thermometer way below zero, with one of my church officers I rode ten miles in the country to speak to a man about his soul. His daughter was to connect herself with the church the following Sunday, and I was led to believe that the father was ready to take this stand. I met him between his barn and the house, and, being somewhat inexperienced in Christian work, I approached him at once with the request that he should yield himself to God. He became at once apparently highly indignant, and said, "When I want you to talk with me on this subject, I will send you word," and deliberately left me without even asking me to come into the house and be warmed. I went away completely discouraged, and when Sunday came he was not among the number confessing Christ.

Ten years afterward, when preaching in a neighboring church, I made my appeal to the unsaved, and a gentleman whom I did not at once recognize stood to say, "Pray for me." Fearing he was not seen, he stepped out into the aisle, and walked down towards the front, saying, "You must pray for me;"

and then, facing the congregation, he declared: "Ten years ago I insulted this man when he asked me to be a Christian. I actually drove him from my house; but now I stand here to say that, indifferent though I seemed, I was never more impressed in all my life, and I have prayed God that I might have the opportunity given to me of confessing Christ in his presence."—*J. W. C.*

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

I HAVE read of the way some of the Roman soldiers in the days of Manlius took the oath of allegiance, the "sacramentum," as it is called; how the company was drawn out and the oath was read to them, and then, when it had all been rehearsed in their hearing, the captain lifted up his hand and said, "That for me." And the one next to him raised his hand and said, "That for me." And the one next to him lifted up his hand and said, "That for me." And one after another they made their vow of allegiance to the Roman government to serve as her soldiers.

O man, to-night as God brings to you this opportunity, as he says to you, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," as he says, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him," shall we hear your voice that shall say, "The Lord, he is the God." "As for me and my house, we will serve God." "That for me! that for me!" And remember that the decision you make to-night may stand throughout eternity, and decide wisely and well.—*B. F. M.*

THE BACKSLIDER'S INFLUENCE.

In a series of meetings held in the city of St. Louis, an old man of considerable prominence was brought to the place, where he renewed his profession of faith and made a new covenant with his God. For thirteen years he had been out of fellowship and away from the church, and as he left the meeting his promise was that he would return the next night with all his children with him. He went away beaming with hope; he came to the next service in the depth of despair, and he said to the leader of the meeting: "I have spent the whole of day in going from house to house of my children, and every one of them has gone over into infidelity. Because of thirteen years of failure I have lost them all." Your influence will touch some one in your own home, the circle of your friends; and before God you will be responsible.

SOWING AND REAPING.

I was once preaching in Chicago, and a woman who was nearly out of her mind came to me. You know there are some people who mock at religious meetings, and say that religion drives people mad. It is sin that drives people mad. It is the want of Christ that sinks people into despair.

This was the woman's story: She had a family of children. One of her neighbors had died, and her

husband had brought home a little child. She said, "I don't want the child;" but her husband said, "You must take it and look after it." She said she had enough to do with her own, and she told her husband to take that child away. He would not. She confessed that she tried to starve the child; but it lingered on.

One night it cried all night; I suppose it wanted food. At last she took the clothes and threw them over the child, and smothered it. No one saw her; no one knew anything about it. The child was buried. Years passed away, and she said: "I hear the voice of that child day and night. It has driven me nearly mad."

No one saw the act; but God had seen it, and this retribution followed it. History is full of these things. You need not go to the Bible to find it out.—*D. L. Moody.*

EXAMPLE.

A FATHER started for his office early one morning, after a light fall of snow. Turning, he saw his two-year-old boy endeavoring to put his tiny feet in his own great footprints. The little fellow shouted: "Go on; I 's comin', papa; I 's comin' yight in your tracks."

He caught the boy in his arms and carried him to his mother, and started again for his office.

His habit had been to stop on the way at a saloon for a glass of liquor. As he stood upon the threshold that morning he seemed to hear a sweet voice say,

"Go on ; I 's comin', papa ; I 's comin' yight in your tracks."

He stopped ; he hesitated ; he looked the future squarely in the face.

"I cannot afford to make any tracks I would be ashamed or sorry to have my boy walk in," he said decidedly, and turned away.

Father, mother, neighbor, are your tracks true? Are they straight? Can you turn to any walking behind you, and say, "Follow me as I follow Christ?"—*D. L. Moody.*

THE SECRET OF REST.

THE way to make the heart restful is not to stop its beating. Belladonna will do that, but that is not rest. Let the breath of life come,—God's life and strength,—and there will be sweet rest. Home ties and family affection will not bring it. Deliverance from trouble will not give it. Many a tried heart has said, "If this great trouble was only gone, I should have rest." But as soon as one goes another comes. The poor, wounded deer on the mountain-side thinks if it could only bathe in the old mountain stream it would have rest. But the arrow is in its flesh, and there is no rest for it till the wound is healed. It is as sore in the mountain lake as on the plain.

We shall never have God's rest and peace in the heart till we have given everything up to Christ, even our work, and believe he has taken it all and we have only to keep still and trust. It is neces-

sary to walk in holy obedience and let him have the government on his shoulder. Paul said, "This one thing I do." There is one narrow path for us all —Christ's will and work for us

CLEANSING THE HEART.

Hercules was asked to clean the Augean stables, where the filth of generations had accumulated. He undertook the task, but instead of touching the unclean spot with one of his fingers he simply took a spade and dug a channel for the river to flow through them, and in a few minutes they were clean.

God does not want you to wash your own poor heart. You would die of malaria in the attempt. Let the river in, and the Holy Ghost will do his own cleansing and keep you clean.

A GOOD PRAYER.

An English minister was once travelling in the Highlands of Scotland, and while dining at a village inn he spoke to the girl who waited upon him about her soul. Finding her unsaved and indifferent, he asked her to make him one promise, that she would every day repeat these two simple prayers: "Lord, show me myself. Lord, show me thyself." She made the promise, and they parted.

Many years went by, and one Sabbath morning, at the close of his sermon in his church in London, a gray-haired woman came up to him and asked to

speak with him. She asked him whether he remembered stopping once at a Highland inn and speaking to the girl that waited upon him, long ago; and then she told him how for months she mechanically repeated the promised prayer every night without feeling or expecting any result, and then how troubles came to her, and her own heart got wrong, and things grew darker and darker, until at last she was in absolute despair. Instead of getting better she seemed to grow worse, until her own heart was a terror to her, and she seemed incapable even of a prayer. Then it suddenly flashed upon her that God had been answering her prayer and revealing to her her own heart, and then she fell on her knees and cried, "Lord, thou hast shown me myself; now show me thyself."

So day by day she prayed and looked away to Christ, until there began to rise within her heart the vision of One who had come to be the substitute for her, the answer for her sins, the remedy for her failures, the supply of her needs, and the filling up of all her shortcomings and deficiencies, so that the more fully she had seen herself, the more perfectly it enabled her to understand the Saviour's fitness and fulness for her need and nothingness, and now she had come, with the snows of years and the sunlight of heaven on her brow, to thank him for his word of benediction, and to tell him that his little seed by the wayside had borne most blessed fruit.

FORGIVENESS.

In Woolwich, some years ago, there was a bad, reckless soldier. The authorities had tried every form of punishment with him ; he had had his hair cut, he had been confined and half-starved ; but nothing had any effect, and he was just about to be drummed out of the regiment ; and, if you are too bad for a soldier, you are bad enough. The poor wretch, nursing anger in his heart, is to appear at the court-martial ; but the colonel was a humane man ; he looked at the poor, besotted wretch, and he said, "Robert." The sound of his Christian name coming from the colonel began to make the poor transgressor feel queer. The colonel continued, "We have tried every usual form of punishment with you, and now, as your offences are of so grave a nature, we are going to take an extreme form of punishment."

The soldier flung his head high in defiance.

"Yes ; we are going to take an extreme form of punishment, we are going to forgive you."

Amid the silence of the court he went away with a broken heart as his comrades saluted him, and he became the best soldier in the regiment. Inquire of him the cause of his change, and he says, "Ask the colonel."

Forgiveness. Ay, blessed be God ! Remission of sins breaks the heart. Come to Christ, and you will get that remission, for whosoever believeth in Christ shall receive remission of sins. Come to Christ, and you will get it.

THE DIVINE HEART.

O HEART of love, O heart divine,
I come to thee and thou art mine.
Lifted above all care and strife,
Thou art my immortal life.

Thou art the light of endless day,
That turneth darkness from my way;
Thou art the glory ever bright,
That keeps my soul in endless light.

O heart of Christ, all hearts above,
Thou art my light, my life, my love,
The fountain that doth grace impart,
Thy glorious, never-changing heart.

Eternal light, life, love sublime,
Within that centre all divine,
Let us abide and glorious be,
Thy heart in us and we in thee.

NEARER TO THEE.

"NEARER, my God, to thee." Be that my prayer
Thine would I ever be; thy mercies share,
In all my daily life to feel thee near
To guide and comfort me, my path to cheer.

"E'en if it be a cross"—yes, let it come!
That cross shall raise me up—thy will be done.

"Still all my song shall be," dear Lord, prepare
Me, a sinner deep in sin, thy realm to share.

"Though like a wanderer" I've been for years,
I now return to thee in grief and tears.
By day and night I go along my weary way
Alone—yet not alone ; thou art my stay.

"There let the way appear." Dear Lord, make plain
The steps I needs must take thy home to gain ;
"All that thou sendest me," with humble pride,
"I'll fear not even death, since thou hast died !

"Then with my waking thoughts" I'll sing thy praise,
In all my care and grief my prayers I'll raise ;
"So by my woes to be" brought near to thee,
And thy pure love to know—thy love for me !

"Or, if on joyful wing upward I fly,"
This "all my song shall be," this all my cry
Thou, Lord, hast rescued me, saved me from sin ;
Open thou the pearly gates and take me in.

Into that blest abode where saints do shine,
Into those mansions bright—one shall be mine !
Then thy dear face I 'll see ; O blessed sight !
There is no darkness there ; thou art the light !

So through this vale of tears lead thou me on ;
Be thou my comforter, bid care be gone ;
Take thou my hand in thine, be thou my guide ;
Thou art my all in all ; in me abide !

MARTIN GOLDSMITH.

Marionville, Penn., October, 1891.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"*And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end.*"—*Heb. 6 : 11.*

There was a party of Americans on the Deeside lately, who had wandered from the highway into what seemed very tempting and beautiful meadows. It was miles from the Queen's residence; but the estate extended for miles round the mansion, and often you are in Balmoral grounds before you know it. Though they were ignorant of it, they were in the private grounds of the Queen's palace. There was a lady there sketching. She looked up quietly as the Americans came along. As they came near, one of them said, "Are we near Balmoral?"

She looked at them, and smiled as she said: "You are in the grounds, and I am afraid that you are trespassers; but it does not matter. Just go along that road; and in case a keeper should meet you and cause a little trouble for you are trespassers—I shall give you this little note."

The leader of the group hurriedly thanked the lady, crumpled the note in his hand, and started off with the others. When they had gone some distance, they opened the paper, and lo! the signature was that of one of the Queen's daughters. Did they mind meeting the gillies and keepers on the grounds? Had they a fear lest they should be turned back, when they were armed with that missive? They went straight up to the castle, and stared to their

hearts' content, even in at the front door of Balmoral.

Ah, that is the way of me in glory. Many keepers and gillies and emissaries suddenly demand of me what I am doing in the grounds of the King. I have got the missive of the Sovereign ; Jesus Christ gave me permission, and he gave me a pass right into heaven. When I come within hail of the pearly gates, when I mention the "blood," they will fly open to the wall ; and through the golden streets to the very throne of my God I shall go, my whole missive and authority the blood of the Son of God.

THE NEW NATURE.

When Napoleon was on the island of St. Helena, the government gave orders that he should not be greeted as an emperor, but should only receive the salute of a general. When they told Napoleon that the British government had stripped him of his imperial dignity, that they were to come in and speak to him as a general, he replied : "Ah, but they cannot take myself from myself. I am imperial to the end."

Sometimes crowns disappear from your brows, and communion is taken away, because you have been neglectful and unwatchful ; but the childhood that salvation brings to you, the new nature that the indwelling Spirit expends and develops in you, cannot be taken away ; you are Christ's to the last. Stand fast, then ; Christ is looking on, and he will keep you. Be an honor to him, and you will get home.

INFLUENCE OF PRAYER.

One night in Chicago at the close of a meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms a young man sprung to his feet and said, "Mr. Moody, would you let me speak a few words?"

I said, "Certainly."

Then for about five minutes he pleaded with those men to break from sin. He said :—

"If you have any who take any interest in your spiritual welfare, treat them kindly, for they are the best friends you have. I was an only child, and my mother and father took great interest in me. Every morning at the family altar father used to pray for me, and every night he would commend me to God. I was wild and reckless, and did not like the restraint of home. When my father died, my mother took up the family worship. Many a time she came to me and said, 'O my boy, if you would stay to family worship, I should be the happiest mother on earth ; but, when I pray, you don't even stay in the house.' Sometimes I would go in at midnight from a night of dissipation, and hear my mother praying for me. Sometimes in the small hours of the morning I heard her voice pleading for me. At last I felt that I must either become a Christian or leave home, and one day I gathered a few things together and stole away from home without letting my mother know.

"Some time after, I heard indirectly that my

mother was ill. Ah, I thought, it is my conduct that is making her ill! My first impulse was to go home and cheer her last days; but the thought came that if I did I should have to become a Christian. My proud heart revolted and I said, 'No, I will not become a Christian.'"

Months rolled by, and at last he heard again that his mother was worse. Then he thought, "If my mother should not live, I should never forgive myself."

That thought took him home. He reached the old village about dark, and started on foot for the home, which was about a mile and a half distant. On the way he passed the graveyard, and thought he would go to his father's grave to see whether there was a newly made grave beside it. As he drew near the spot, his heart began to beat faster; and, when he came near enough, the light of the moon shone on a newly made grave.

With a great deal of emotion he said: "Young men, for the first time in my life this question came over me: Who is going to pray for my lost soul now? Father is gone, and mother is gone; and they are the only two who ever cared for me. If I could have called my mother back that night and heard her breathe my name in prayer, I would have given the world if it had been mine to give. I spent all that night by her grave, and God for Christ's sake heard my mother's prayers, and I became a child of God. But I never forgave myself for the way I treated my mother, and never will."—*D. L. Moody.*

PROCRASTINATION.

When I was in Switzerland many years ago, I learned some solemn lessons about the suddenness with which death may overtake us. I saw several places where landslides had occurred, completely destroying whole villages; or where avalanches had swept down the mountain sides, leaving destruction in their wake. A terrible calamity happened in the year 1806 to a village called Goldau, situated in a fertile valley at the foot of the Rossberg. The season had been unusually wet, and this had made the crops all the more abundant.

Early one morning a young peasant, passing the cottage of an old man whom he knew, saw him sitting at the door in the full rays of the sun.

"Good morning, neighbor," said he; "we are likely to have a fine day."

"Time we should have a fine day," growled the old man; "it has been wet enough lately."

"Have you heard the report?" said the other. "Those who were up the earliest this morning declare they saw the top of old Rossberg move."

"Indeed! like enough," said the old man. "Mark my words, and I have often said it before; I sha'n't live to see it, but those now young will not live to be as old as I am before the top of yonder mountain lies at its foot."

"I hope it will not be in my day," said the young man; and he passed on, little thinking how near

the prediction was to a fulfilment, and that the ripening fields of corn and the abundant clusters of luscious grapes would never be gathered ; but so it was.

The springs of water in the mountain had been overcharged by the excessive rains, and these, in forcing their way to the surface and toward the valley below, had loosened the masses of rounded rock which had been cemented together by a kind of clay, of which material the upper part of the mountain was formed. These huge masses at length gave way and fell headlong into the valley, burying the entire village and about eight hundred of its inhabitants beneath their weight.

But what became of the old man? Alas! he did not escape. He believed the mountain would fall, but he did not think the fall was so near. He was sitting in his cottage, composedly smoking his pipe, when the young man came hastily back, and crying out, "The mountain is falling!"

The old man composedly rose from his seat, looked out at his door, and, saying, "I shall have time to fill my pipe again," went back into his house.

The young man was saved. The old man perished before he left his cottage. It and its owner were crushed, and swept to the bottom of the valley. —*D. L. Moody.*

GOD'S WORD NEVER RETURNS VOID.

An obscure man preached one Sunday to a few persons in a Methodist chapel in the south of England. A boy of fifteen years of age was in the audience, driven into the chapel by a snow-storm. The man took as his text the words, "Look unto me, and be ye saved;" and, as he stumbled along as best he could, the light of heaven flashed into that boy's heart. He went out of the chapel saved, and soon became known as C. H. Spurgeon, the boy preacher.—*D. L. Moody.*

INDIFFERENCE TO THE JUDGMENT.

When Channing was a little boy of ten years, he heard Dr. Hopkins preach a forcible sermon on the reasonableness of a future judgment. He was deeply impressed, and expected his father, who was a deacon of the Congregational church, to speak to him about his soul's salvation. He did not utter a word in regard to the sermon or his danger, but on reaching home sat down to read. Dr. Channing says: "I made up my mind that my father did not believe one word that he had heard. He was not alarmed; why should I be? and I dismissed the whole subject from my thoughts." His father's thoughtlessness drove him into the ranks of heterodoxy, and he became the champion of Unitarianism.

THE MARKS OF DEATH.

It is said that in St. Paul's Cathedral in one place in the pavement of the floor a red cross is to be seen, and, when the guide is asked concerning it, his reply is, that a workman in the building lost his balance on the scaffolding high up in the ceiling, fell, and struck just there ; and the red cross is the mark of death.

It is also known that up in the Alps very frequently black crosses are to be seen, and the guide replies to the traveller that just here a man lost his foothold and slipped away into the awful abyss, and it is the place of death. These black crosses and red crosses may be seen frequently, if we had eyes like unto God's. Sometimes the cross would be in the pew of a church where a man said no to God, sometimes on the streets, and frequently in one's own home. It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the Almighty, and unless we desire to be lost it is infinitely better to say yes when he pleads.

ETERNITY.

When my father was lying ill and just approaching death, one of his friends put in my hands his watch and his pocketbook, telling me to keep them. I opened the pocketbook, and in one compartment I found a verse of poetry pasted together upon the

back as if worn through with much reading. The words of the poem ran as follows :—

" How long sometimes a day appears !
And weeks how long are they !
Months move as if the years
Would never pass away.
But days and weeks are passing by,
And soon must all be gone,
For day by day the moments fly,
Eternity comes on.
Days, months, and years must have an end ;
Eternity has none ;
'T will always be as long to spend
As when it first begun."—*J. W. C.*

JOHN WESLEY.

THE parsonage at Epworth, England, caught fire one night, and all the inmates were rescued except one son. The boy came to a window, and was brought safely to the ground by two farm-hands, one standing on the shoulder of the other. The boy was John Wesley. If you would realize the responsibility of that incident, if you would measure the consequences of that rescue, ask the millions of Methodists who look back to John Wesley as the founder of their denomination. —*D. L. Moody.*

THE BROKEN LANTERN.

THERE was a man living near one of the great trunk roads a number of years ago, who one night saw that a landslide had obstructed the track. He saw by the clock that he had not time to reach the

telegraph-office to stop the night express; so he caught up a lantern and started up the track, thinking that he might be in time to stop the train. As he ran, he fell and put out his light. He had not another match, and he could hear the train coming in the distance. He did not know what to do. As a last resort he stood on the bank, and the moment the train came abreast of him he hurled the lantern with all his might at the engineer. The engineer saw that something must be wrong, took the warning, whistled down brakes, and stopped the train within a few yards of the obstruction.

I throw the broken lantern at your feet now. I beg you to take warning; make a clear work of sin, cost what it may. Take warning! You must either give up sin, or give up the hope of heaven. Put yourself in the way of being blessed. Make up your mind now that by the grace of God you will obtain the mastery.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—*D. L. Moody.*

HONEST WORK PAYS.

An insurance case was brought to Daniel Webster when he was a young lawyer in Portsmouth. Only a small amount was involved, and a twenty-dollar fee was all that was promised. He saw that to do his client full justice a journey to Boston would be desirable, in order to consult the law library. He

would be out of pocket by the expedition, and for the time he would receive no adequate compensation. But he determined to do his best, cost what it might. He accordingly went to Boston and looked up the authorities, and gained the case.

Years after, Webster, who had meanwhile become famous, was passing through New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had suddenly been taken ill. Money was no object, and Webster was begged to name his terms and conduct the case.

"I told them," said Mr. Webster, "that it was preposterous to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice. They insisted, however, that I should look at the papers; and this I finally consented to do. It was my old twenty-dollar case over again; and, as I never forget anything, I had all the authorities at my fingers' ends. The court knew that I had no time to prepare, and were astonished at the range of my acquirements. So you see, I was handsomely repaid both in fame and money for that journey to Boston; and the moral is that good work is rewarded in the end."—*D. L. Moody.*

WAMBUTTI DWARFS.

When H. M. Stanley was pressing his way through the forests of darkest Africa, the most formidable foes that he encountered, those that caused most loss of life to his caravan and came the nearest to entirely defeating his expedition, were the little

Wambutti dwarfs. So annoying were they that very slow progress could be made through their dwelling-places.

These little men had only little bows and little arrows that looked like children's playthings, but upon these tiny arrows there was a small drop of poison which would kill an elephant or a man as quickly and as surely as a Winchester rifle. Their defence was by means of poison and traps. They would steal through the darkness of the forest, and, waiting in ambush, let fly their deadly arrows before they could be discovered. They dug ditches and carefully covered them over with leaves. They fixed spikes in the ground, and tipped them with the most deadly poison, and then covered them. Into these ditches and on these spikes man and beast would fall or step to their death.—*D. L. Moody.*

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

A LADY once writing to a young man in the navy who was almost a stranger, thought, "Shall I close this as anybody would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" and, lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the word, "Here have we no continuing city," and asked whether he could say, "I seek one to come." Trembling, she folded it and sent it off.

Back came the answer. "Thank you so much for those kind words! I am an orphan, and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died,

long years ago." The arrow shot at a venture hit home, and the young man shortly after rejoiced in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace.—*D. L. Moody.*

MISSING PRAISE.

It is said that once when Sir Michael Costa was having a rehearsal, with a vast array of performers and hundreds of voices, as the mighty chorus rang out with thunder of the organ and roll of drums and ringing horns and cymbals clashing, some one man who played the piccolo far away up in some corner said within himself, "In all this din it matters not what I do;" and so he ceased to play. Suddenly the great conductor stopped, flung up his hands, and all was still; and then he cried aloud, "Where is the piccolo?" The quick ear missed it, and all was spoiled because it failed to take its part.

O my soul, do thy part with all thy might! Little thou mayest be, insignificant and hidden, and yet God seeks thy praise. He listens for it, and all the music of His great universe is made richer and sweeter because thou givest him thanks. Bless the Lord, O my soul.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

TRUST.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he.

Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness ;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
If the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father,
Hath forgot ?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not.
Always hath the daylight broken ;
Always hath he comfort spoken ;
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

FORGIVENESS.

One day Mr. S. H. Hadley, the leader of the McAuley Mission, 316 Water Street, New York, was standing outside the door of the Mission, when a little fellow came along and said, "Will you please give me a needle and thread and a piece of cloth ?"

"For what ?" said Mr. Hadley.

The boy replied, "To mend my trousers with," and my friend looked at him to say, "It seems to me you have hardly trousers enough to mend."

The boy burst into a sob and started on down Water Street, when the great-hearted Christian worker said, "Come into the house and go upstairs, and Mrs. Hadley will be a mother to you."

After a little while he came down to the street, and was passing on toward Brooklyn Bridge, when Mr. Hadley called him back and said, "What is your story?"

He said: "I am a boy from Philadelphia. I have stolen money from my father, and the money 's gone; I have not a friend in the world, and no place to go."

"Why," said the man, "go back to your home and your father;" and the boy replied, "He will not receive me."

"Then stay here until I send him word."

That night a letter made its way to Philadelphia, and early the next morning, as soon as the letter could be delivered, a reply came by telegraph, "Mr. S. H. Hadley, 316 Water Street, New York City. Tell the dear boy he is forgiven, and I want him to come home."

And this is the message which God sends to the sorrowing, sinful world: "Tell them, though their sins be like crimson, I will forgive them, and I want them to come home."

LIVING IN THE LIGHT.

To visit St. Mark's Cathedral is a great privilege; to look upon its architectural beauty is a delight. One of the most interesting things in connection with the whole Cathedral is the high altar on which

may be seen the celebrated breastplate of matchless jewels. Almost every jewel known is there to be seen in rare beauty. When you pass the high altar, you stand before the alabaster pillars, not particularly attractive in themselves; but, as you stand looking, the guide is accustomed to pass on, and when lost to your view he not infrequently asks you to look, and, behold, there is a transformation in the pillars. You can see all the colors of the rainbow where before there seemed only lifeless stones; and, when you ask him the reason for the change, he will tell you that it was all caused by the light of the taper he holds in his hand.

It is possible for lives uninteresting in themselves to be even more remarkably transformed when they are lived in the light of the countenance of Jesus Christ. If one lives out of the inner circle, this is not possible; but to be in fellowship with him is to draw from him rare beauty which nowhere else can be found.

AN OVERFLOWING LIFE.

When Ole Bull, the master musician, was making a triumphant tour through the United States, he played before the Princeton students and aroused them to the very highest pitch of enthusiasm. When the concert was over, one of the professors said to him, "Will you please tell us in a word the secret of your great ability?" and Ole Bull quickly replied, "It is not so much the bow, and not altogether the quality of the instrument; but I never play until my own soul is thrilled, and then the music

is the impression of my soul-life." This is the secret of successful Bible-teaching or singing or preaching.

"Thy soul must overflow
If thou another soul wouldst reach.
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech."

SOUL-WINNING.

The Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock in a meeting of ministers told of the day when Harry Morehouse, the celebrated evangelist, was a guest in his father's house. He was staying one night in his room, waiting for the time of the service, when he heard the door open, and, looking about, saw it close quickly again. He turned to his Bible, and heard the same thing repeated, and then without turning he said, "Come in," and there entered one of the children of the household, who had seen so much of Christ in the face of the preacher that she desired to know Him. And she said, "Mr. Morehouse, I should like to be a Christian."

"Well," said he, in his quiet, gentle way, "you may;" and he said, "Will you please turn to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and read it, making it personal to yourself? Whenever the pronouns are general, make them personal."

She began: "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when I shall see him there is no beauty that I should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:

and I hid as it were my face from him ; he was despised, and I esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne my griefs and carried my sorrows, yet I did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."

When she had read thus far, she stopped, and Harry Morehouse said, "Go on and read it."

"But he was wounded for my transgressions ; he was bruised for my iniquities ; the chastisement of my peace was upon him ; and with his stripes I am healed."

She could not read further for her tears, but she had caught a glimpse of her Saviour in this reading, and Harry Morehouse said to her, "This is all we need to do to be saved, to lay hold upon Him by faith, of whom Isaiah speaks."

JUDSON'S CONVERSION.

Adoniram Judson, the illustrious American missionary, was a minister's son. He was very able and very ambitious. He was early sent to college.

In the class above was a young man of the name of E., brilliant, witty, and popular, but a determined deist. Between him and the minister's son there sprung up a close intimacy, which ended in the latter's gradually renouncing all his early beliefs, and becoming as great a sceptic as his friend. He was only twenty years of age, and you may be sure it was a terrible distress and consternation that filled the home circle when during the recess he announced that he was no longer a believer in Christianity. More than a match for his father's

arguments, he steeled himself against all softer influences, and, with his mind made up to enjoy and see the world, he first joined a company of players at New York, and then set out on a solitary tour.

One night he stopped at a country inn. Lighting him to his room, the landlord mentioned that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, in all probability dying, but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that, beyond pity for the poor sick man, he should have no feeling whatever. Still, the night proved a restless one. Sounds came from the sick-chamber—sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer; and the young traveler could not sleep.

"So close at hand, with but a thin partition between us," he thought, "there is an immortal spirit about to pass into eternity; and is he prepared?" And then he thought: "For shame of my shallow philosophy! What would E., so clear-headed and intellectual, think of this boyish weakness?" Then he tried to sleep, but still the picture of the dying man rose in his imagination. He was a young man, and the young student felt compelled to place himself on his neighbor's dying bed, and he could not help fancying what would be his thoughts in such circumstances.

But the morning dawned, and in the welcome daylight his "superstitious illusions fled away." When he came down-stairs, he inquired of the landlord how his fellow lodger had passed the night.

"He is dead!" was the answer.

"Dead!"

"Yes; he is gone, poor fellow; the doctor said he would not probably survive the night."

"Do you know who he was?"

"O, yes; it was a young man from Providence College, a very fine fellow; his name was E."

Judson was completely stunned. Hours passed before he could quit the house; but, when he did resume his journey, the words, "dead! lost! lost!" were continually ringing in his ears. There was no need for argument. God had spoken, and from the presence of the living God the chimeras of unbelief and the pleasures of sin alike fled away. The religion of the Bible he knew to be true; and, turning his horse's head toward Plymouth, he rode slowly homeward, his plans of enjoyment all shattered, and ready to commence that rough and uninviting path which, through the death-prison at Ava and its rehearsal of martyrdom, conducted to the grave at Maulmain.—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

PROVIDENTIAL CONVERSION.

In the city of Philadelphia there was a mother that had two sons who were breaking her heart, and she went into a little prayer meeting and got up and presented them for prayer. They had been on a drunken spree, and she knew their end would be a drunkard's grave; and she went among these Christians, and said, "Won't you just cry to God for my two boys?"

The next morning those two boys had made an

appointment to meet each other on the corner of Market and Thirteenth Streets,—though not that they knew anything about our meeting,—and while one of them was there at the corner, waiting for his brother to come, he followed the people who were flooding into the depot building, and the Spirit of the Lord met him, and he was wounded, and found his way to Christ. After his brother came he found the place too crowded to enter; so he, too, went curiously into another meeting and found Christ, and went home happy; and when he got home he told his mother what the Lord had done for him, and the second son came in with the same tidings.

I heard one get up afterward to tell his experience in the young converts' meeting, and he had no sooner told the story than the other got up and said, "I am that brother, and there is not a happier home in Philadelphia than we have got;" and they went out bringing their friends to Christ.

—*D. L. Moody.*

DETAINED FOR CONVERSION.

Rev. Dr. Cleveland related the following incident at a New York anniversary.

In a revival of religion in the church of which he was pastor he was visited one morning by a member of his church, a widow, whose only son was a sailor. With a voice trembling with emotion, she said, "Dr. Cleveland, I have called to entreat you to join me in praying that the wind may change."

He looked at her in silent amazement.

"Yes," she exclaimed earnestly; "my son has gone on board his vessel; they sail to-night unless the wind changes."

"Well, madam," said the Doctor, "I will pray that your son may be converted on this voyage; but to pray that God would alter the laws of the universe on his account, I fear, is presumption."

"Doctor," she replied, "my heart tells me differently. God's Spirit is here. Souls are being converted here. You have a meeting this evening, and, if the wind should change, John would stay and go to it; and I believe that if he went he would be converted. Now, if you cannot join me, I must pray alone, for he must stay."

"I will pray for his conversion," said the Doctor.

On his way to the meeting he glanced at the weather-vane, and to his surprise the wind had changed, and it was blowing landward. On entering his crowded vestry, he soon observed John sitting upon the front seat. The young man seemed to drink in every word, rose to be prayed for, and attended the inquiry meeting. When he sailed from port, the mother's prayers had been answered; he went a Christian.

DANGER IN DELAY.

When Moody and Sankey were conducting services in the mining region of England, coming out of the services one night they noticed a man sitting just underneath the gallery. Although everybody else had left the church, he still remained. Mr. Moody sat down beside him, and found that he had

been a constant attendant upon the services, and that he had determined this night that he would not leave the building until he had settled the question of his soul's salvation. After prayer and the study of the Bible the matter was settled.

He returned to his home, and the next day entered the mine, where there was a terrific explosion. He was taken out more nearly dead than alive, and carried a little way from the entrance to the mine. One of his friends stooped down to moisten his lips; he was too weak to speak, but they saw his lips moving, and finally they could make out his speech. Over and over again he was saying, "It's a good thing I settled it last night."

So it would be for every one; when God calls, it is dangerous to wait. To-day we may yield to his voice; to-morrow may be eternally too late.

"HE TOOK MY PLACE."

MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE, while holding services in my church at one time, told a story connected with the Civil War, when a company of men were to be shot because they were bushwhackers.

Just as a line was drawn up, a young fellow touched the commanding officer on the arm, and said: "Mr. Officer, may I take the place of the man standing yonder? He has a family and I have none; everybody would miss him and no one would miss me."

And the officer said, "If the man has no objection, I have none."

So the young man stepped behind the line, and, pulling the condemned man out of line, stepped into his place. The command was given to fire, and he fell dead. He was buried in the little Missouri town, and at the head of the grave stands a stone in which were cut these words: "Sacred to the memory of Willie Lear; he took my place;" and the Major said it was an illustration of the fact that Jesus had taken our place under wrath and condemnation, and died for us that we might live.

I used the story everywhere till one day an old soldier said to me, "That illustration cannot be true," and for two years I did not use it again, till one day in Evansville, Ind., I could not get away from it, and so I used it. I noticed one man in the audience who seemed greatly affected, and after the service he said to me, "I was glad to hear that story, I have seen the grave myself, and, more than that, I know the commanding officer who gave the order to fire."

When I was using it once again in Philadelphia, one of the most distinguished lawyers in the city, and an old soldier, said instantly when I had finished preaching: "I know the man that let the boy be shot. He lives to-day in a Western city, and I, too, have seen the grave, and it is a picture of the atonement provided by the death of Christ. He died that we might live."—*J. W. C.*

HEAVEN OPENED.

One cold Christmas morning an old blind violinist stood on the corner of the street in London, playing his violin, which was sadly out of tune. No one had listened to his music, and no windows were opened by those who would throw out the coin to help him. Two men passed by, and one of them said, "Let me have your violin." He began to play, when instantly every window was thrown open, and the coin was poured about him. Stooping down with his friend, they gathered up the coin, put the violin back in the hands of the player, and started on. The player was Paganini, the greatest violinist of the realm.

It is an illustration of the fact that one day the very gates of heaven were shut against us and there was no one that could open them, until suddenly there came from the very courts of heaven the King of kings and Lord of lords, Jesus of Nazareth, our Saviour; and, behold, the gates swung open and have been ever since, and there have been poured upon us the very best blessings of heaven ever since.

THE FACE OF THE JUDGE.

A number of years ago a most serious accident occurred on the New York Central Railroad, and among the injured was one man who was taken to

the hospital in the city of Albany. A most serious operation was necessary, and the physician, a most skilful surgeon, began to operate ; but before doing so he said, "I find it impossible to administer an anæsthetic ; but, if you will keep watch of my face, you can tell whether the operation is to be successful or not ; and, if you see me lay down the knife, the chances are it is hopeless."

The operation went on, and suddenly, because of some complication, the surgeon was obliged to lay down the knife and a most serious expression passed over his face.

The lips of the man began to move in prayer, but after a moment the knife was taken up again, the look disappeared, and the operation was ended in success. When the man could speak he said : "Doctor, I could see it all in your face. I first read my doom, and then saw my hope in your expression."

It will be like that with us when we stand face to face with Christ. If we have rejected him, he will not need to say, "Depart ; I never knew you," but in the look of his face we shall know that we are without hope. God pity the man who has rejected Christ in this world, and then must be turned away from him in the world to come.—*J. W. C.*

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

When travellers climb uncertain, dangerous precipices in Switzerland, they frequently go tied together and all fastened to the guide, who steps carefully and climbs most cautiously up and down the dangerous part of the mountain.

A company of tourists climbing one day made rapid progress until suddenly one of them slipped. He pulled down the second, and he the third, and so on until it seemed as if all would be dashed to death over the precipice. But the guide knew exactly what to do. With gigantic strength he wielded the peculiar ice-pick that he carried, and struck it deep into the ice; and, when the strain came upon him, the rope tightened and all were saved.

We are thus bound together by the cord of influence. One slipping is likely to pull down another, but it is a possible thing for the awful power of the downward tendency to be averted if just one man in a company or one member in a household is planted firmly on the Rock of Ages. Whether we will or no, we are our brother's keepers.

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ETERNITY.

It must have been the experience of every one of us when we have been seated alone in a room at night, or have been unable to sleep, that the ticking of the clock seems to be language to us. An old shoemaker sat on his little bench working away with a great pendulum clock standing before him. He thought that every time the pendulum swung one way it said, "Eternity," and, when it swung the other, it said, "Where?" He was converted by the power of it, and afterward told one of his friends who wrote the poem,—

Eternity where? It floats on the air,
  Amid clamor or silence it ever is there,
Eternity where?

Eternity where, O, eternity where?
  With redeemed ones in glory
Or with those who despair?
  It is one or the other.
Eternity where?

Eternity where, O, eternity where?
  Friend, think not nor take to thyself any care
Till you settle this question,
  Eternity where?

THE POWER OF MEMORY.

We say in this world sometimes we forget; and we think we do, but the fact is, men never forget. An impression once made is never lost. One day God will touch the secret spring of memory and say, "Son, remember," and the whole panorama of one's life will sweep before him. One of the members of a small church of which I was pastor told me that in the days of his sin he was running to catch a ferryboat, and just as the boat swung out from the dock he sprung to reach it, only to miss it; and he found himself going down, down into the depths of the river, feeling as if he never would rise again, and he says that the whole vision of his life from the first sin of his boyhood to the last sin of that very day came quickly before him; and before he had risen to the surface of the water he had pledged himself to forsake sin and turn to God.

It would be an awful thing for a man to push Christ out of his life for time, and then have a vision like this for eternity. God save us from that.

—*J. W. C.*

LACKING ONE THING.

It is said that the famous clock in the Strasburg Cathedral has a mechanism so complete and intricate that ignorant and suspicious people count it the work of God and not of men. The chimes ring out such sweet music that travellers listen enchanted

to it. The apostles at stated periods march in solemn procession before the wondering beholder. It was said that the maker of the clock for a time was not paid for his services, and so, entering the cathedral, he touched a secret spring and the wheels stopped. The mechanism was just as perfect as before, but there was no movement and no life; and then the maker was paid for his services, and, coming in once again, he touched the secret spring and every wheel moved, the chimes rung out, and the apostles in solemn procession moved in the presence of the wondering people who came to see.

How like this is unto the condition of a man who has everything in this world to make him good, and yet is lacking in one thing, and without that he cannot be saved! He needs but the touch of the Master's hand, and for that eternal life is his.

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ETERNITY.

A DISTINGUISHED minister in the West was telling me of the dream of one of his friends, who, after a stirring appeal made that night to his people, dreamed that he entered the lost world and heard the agonizing cries of those who were condemned. In the midst of his dream an angel of light entered the place of darkness, and one of the lost ones cried, "O angel of light, is not eternity almost at an end?" And the answer was, "Only a hundred years of time has passed." The years sped on, and the angel of light came once again, and the cry was even more agonizing, "Is not eternity almost at an end?" And the answer was, "Only a thousand

years of time have passed away." And just before he awoke there was still another visitation and still a most despairing cry, "Is not this the end?" And the answer was, "Eternity has but just begun." God pity the man who rejects Christ in time and is rejected of Christ through eternity.

PEACE.

How shall I quiet my heart? how shall I keep it still?
How shall I hush its tremulous start at tidings of good or ill?
How shall I gather and hold contentment and peace and rest,
Wrapping their sweetness, fold on fold, over my troubled breast?

The Spirit of God is still and gentle and mild and sweet,
What time his omnipotent, glorious will guideth the worlds at his feet;
Controlling all lesser things, this turbulent heart of mine,
He keepeth us under his folded wings in a peace serene—divine.

So shall I quiet my heart, so shall I keep it still,
So shall I hush its tremulous start at tidings of good or ill;
So shall I silence my soul with a peacefulness deep and broad,
So shall I gather divine control in the infinite quiet of God.

ETERNITY HAS NO END.

I WAS preaching in the Lansing Theatre in Lincoln, Neb., some years ago on the subject of eternity, when one of the professors in the State University stood beside me to say, "Let me give you a definition of eternity;" and I said, "Give it to me, and I will give it to the audience;" and he quoted, "Eternity begins where computation ends;" and I said to him, "Professor, tell me just what that means;" and then he replied, "If you should take a man possessed of the greatest mind that the world has ever known, and let him think his way out into the future until his mind would break down, then put your stake there; you would have the beginning of eternity," and alas, alas! it has no end. God save us from being without God and without hope not only in this world, but in the world to come.—*J. W. C.*

GOD'S LOVE.

IT is said that when Luther, the great Reformer, was having his Bible printed in Germany the work was being done by a man who was still in the Romish Church. Little pieces of the printer's work were found upon the floor of his workshop. One day his little girl came in; and, picking up one piece of paper, she found on it just a portion of a verse, but it was that verse which Luther said contained the gospel in a nutshell. It was John 3: 16,

and all she found of the text was, "For God so loved the world that he gave—" It was a new story for her. She had never had this understanding of God. She had been taught that he was to be feared, and could be approached only by means of penance.

The text was like good seed in good ground, and after a little time in the joy of it she was bubbling over with song. Her mother asked her the cause of her happiness, and, putting her hand in her pocket, Luther says, she handed out the little crumpled piece of paper. Her mother read it, and said, "What does it mean, 'God so loved the world that he gave'—what was it that he gave?" The child was perplexed only for a moment, and then she said, "Well, mother, I do not know what it was that he gave; but, if he loved us well enough to give us anything, we need not be afraid of him."

This is the picture for each one of us. When we realize that God measured his love for us by the gift of his Son, who would not trust him?

A DRUNKARD'S WILL.

THE following is a will written by a drunkard dying in a New York hotel. It was found on a chair by his bedside after he had taken his life:—

"I leave to society a ruined character and a wretched example; I leave to my parents as much sorrow as they can in their feeble state bear; I leave to my brothers and sisters as much shame and mortification as I could bring upon them; I leave to my wife a broken heart and a life of shame;

I leave to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character, and the remembrance that their father filled a drunkard's grave and has gone to a drunkard's hell."

HER LONG WAIT REWARDED.

THE end came happily to Mrs. Ellen Brown because the son for whom she had waited and watched for ten years was at her side. To-day he followed her to the grave.

Everybody in Newburgh knew the sad-faced little woman who had haunted railroad stations and boat landings for a decade. Often she went across to Fishkill to watch the arrival of the New York Central trains.

"I am waiting for my son," she told those who questioned her. "He will come back to me some day."

Richard Brown was only seventeen when he left his home. His mother never heard from him.

A month ago Mrs. Brown became grievously ill and was taken to St. Luke's Hospital. The doctors knew that she would not leave it alive. Each morning she asked whether there was news from her son. They knew that it was the longing to see him that kept her alive.

A week ago Richard Brown returned to Newburgh. He went to the hospital. There was no surprise in the little mother's face, but only a great joy.

From that time she failed rapidly. She died with her boy's hand in hers, with peace and happiness in her heart.

THOUGHTS FOR ETERNITY.

Men are so taken up with the things of time that they find the things of eternity pushed aside. There is a story of a certain king who realized that he was being more occupied with his earthly throne than with the interests of his immortal soul, and so for the time being he laid aside his crown, made his way to the monastery, and asked the priests to treat him as if he had died. They placed him in the coffin before the altar, said over him the solemn prayers of the church, and then, chanting the litany, they carried his body into the tomb of the kings, where he would really rest, until one after another the candles were extinguished indicating the passing of his years, and when the last one was out the door was closed, and through a day and a night this king thought not of earth, but of heaven, not of time, but of eternity, not of his body, but his soul, and came forth altogether a different man. Whether or not this may be display for others is not for us to say, but it is necessary that we should again and again shut our eyes to earthly things and open them only to the things of heaven.—*J. W. C.*

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin tells the following story. While he was in Constantinople soon after the Crimean War, a colonel in the Turkish army called

to see him, and said: "I want to ask you one question. What proof can you give me that the Bible is what you claim it to be—the word of God?"

Dr. Hamlin evaded the question, and drew him into conversation, during which he learned that his visitor had travelled a great deal, especially in the East in the region of the Euphrates.

"Were you ever in Babylon?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, and that reminds me of a curious experience I had there. I am very fond of sport, and, having heard that the ruins of Babylon abound in game, I determined to go there for a week's shooting. Knowing that it was not considered safe for a man to be there except in the company of several others, and money being no object to me, I engaged a sheik with his followers to accompany me for a large sum. We reached Babylon and pitched our tents. A little before sundown I took my gun and strolled out to have a look around. The holes and caverns among the mounds which cover the ruins are infested with game, which, however, is rarely seen except at night. I caught sight of one or two animals in the distance, and then turned my steps toward our encampment, intending to begin my sport as soon as the sun had set. What was my surprise to find the men striking the tents! I went to the sheik and protested most strongly. I had engaged him for a week, and was paying him handsomely, and here he was starting off before our contract had scarcely begun. Nothing I could say, however, would induce him to remain. 'It is n't safe,' he said. 'No mortal flesh dare stay here after sunset. In the dark, ghosts, goblins, ghouls,

and all sorts of things come out of the holes and caverns, and whoever is found here is taken off by them and becomes one of themselves.' Finding that I could not persuade him, I said, 'Well, as it is, I 'm paying you more than I ought to; but, if you 'll stay, I 'll double it.' 'No,' he said, 'I could n't stay for all the money in the world. No Arab has ever seen the sun go down on Babylon. But I want to do what is right by you. We 'll go off to a place about an hour distant and come back at daybreak.' And go they did. And my sport had to be given up."

"As soon as he had finished," said Dr. Hamlin, "I took my Bible and read from it the thirteenth chapter of Isaiah: 'And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there; but wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces; and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.'"

"That's it exactly," said the Turk when I had finished, "but that 's history you've been reading."

"No," answered Dr. Hamlin, "it 's prophecy. Come, you 're an educated man. You know that the Old Testament was translated into Greek about three hundred years before Christ."

He acknowledged that it was.

"And the Hebrew was given at least two hundred years before that?"

"Yes."

"Well, was n't this written when Babylon was in its glory, and is n't it prophecy?"

"I 'm not prepared to give you an answer now," he replied. "I must have time to think it over."

"Very well," Dr. Hamlin said. "Do so, and come back when you 're ready, and give me your answer."

From that day to this he has never seen him, but how unexpected a testimony to the truth of the Bible in regard to the fulfilment of prophecy did that Turkish officer give!

"THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME JESUS."

Precious name, so dear, so tender,
Glowing with a radiance bright;
Clear as crystal, pure, untarnished,
Shining through the blackest night!

Naught has power to dim thy lustre,
Naught can quench thy fragrance rare—
Name of Jesus, name so holy,
Name that answers every prayer.

Brighter, clearer grows thy radiance,
Through the clouds so dark and gray;
Like a beacon-light, unchanging,
Pointing to the one sure Way.

Precious name, high o'er all others,
Rare, sweet name that calms our fear,

Takes the sting from every heartache,
Blessed comfort, name so dear.

Blessed name that opens prisons,
Name that rent the veil in twain,
Name that intercedes for sinners,
Jesus,—wondrous, glorious name.

Precious name, thy music holy
Steals across my anguished soul,
Bringing peace and hushing sorrow,
Changing grief to joy untold.

—*May Baxter.*

Syracuse, N. Y.

ROOTS IN THE DARK.

Spiritual life is nourished in secret conflicts.

The tree that waves its branches so freely in the great expanse, and spreads out its leafy surface towards heaven, so eager for light and for heat, struck its root in secret, under ground, in great darkness and bondage. Take heed that you do not undervalue your time of spiritual darkness and conflict. The joy of eternity often strikes its root in very bitterness of spirit. Meekly fulfil all your groaning, and patiently abide your time in darkness, "looking unto Jesus." Do you know that you would not so painfully feel your darkness if the holy sunlight did not underlie it? The diviner the sunlight at the centre, the painfuller is the encompassing night.—*John Pulsford.*

CHOKING THE WEEDS.

Vigorous growth of good will check the growth of evil.

The way to destroy ill weeds is to plant good herbs that are contrary. (Manton.) We have all heard of weeds choking the wheat ; if we were wise, we should learn from our enemy, and endeavor to choke the weeds by the wheat. Preoccupation of mind is a great safeguard from temptation. Fill a bushel with corn, and you will keep out the chaff ; have the heart stored with holy things, and the vanities of the world will not so readily obtain a lodging-place.

Herein is wisdom in the training of children. Plant the mind early with the truths of God's word, and error and folly will in a measure be forestalled. The false will soon spring up if we do not early occupy the mind with the true. He who said that he did not wish to prejudice his boy's mind by teaching him to pray soon discovered that the devil was not so scrupulous, for his boy soon learned to swear. It is well to prejudice a field in favor of wheat at the first opportunity.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE WORLD CANNOT SATISFY.

Let me repeat to you a little fable that was written by a naturalist in this country, of which I am very fond. Do not forget that it is simply a fable,

but it illustrates exactly the book of Ecclesiastes. This naturalist writes as follows :—

One beautiful spring morning there came a songster, and perched himself on the branch of a tree, and swung himself backward and forward, and poured out his heart in a glad song.

There was a mole working under the sod just below, and he heard the song of this bird, and, pushing his nose up through the turf, he called out, "O bird, why are you making such a noise?"

And the bird made answer, "O Mr. Mole, the sunlight is so beautiful, and the air is so refreshing, and the world is so lovely, that my heart filled with gladness, and I cannot but sing."

"The world full of beauty!" said the mole. "There is no beauty in it at all. Everything in the earth is absolutely worthless. I have lived under its sod all my life; I have dug holes in it in every direction, and I know the earth thoroughly, and know there are only two things in the entire earth, —grass-roots and fishworms; nothing more."

Said the bird, "Come up, Mr. Mole, out from under the sod into the light, into the presence of the sun, and you will find that you must sing; you cannot do otherwise."

That is Ecclesiastes—live under the sun, with the face always towards the earth; live beneath the sod, like that mole, and there is nothing in it. It is vanity and vexation of spirit. Come up above the sun into the light and the presence of God, and all will be well, and your mouth will be filled with a song.—*W. G. Moorehead, D. D.*

THORNS ARE UNDEVELOPED BUDS.

Noble possibilities are in all men, and they would respond to culture.

Most thorns on trees and plants are really buds, which under higher cultivation and more favorable circumstances would have become fruitful branches. Even that troublesome little flower the rest-harrow, which in wild and uncultivated land is covered with sharp and considerable thorns, when growing in rich corn-fields puts forth larger leaves, and loses all its spines.

This affords a striking emblem of the powers of man. Uncultivated, and in their natural state, these are too often but barren, wounding thorns. Take one of earth's busy toilers, who is possessed of much natural prudence, energy, and perseverance—germs of a noble character. And yet, when the growth of his soul has been stunted, you shall see him early and late toiling only for gain, till his heart becomes utterly cold and selfish, and the whole manner of the man sharp, hard, and thorny. But it has been well said, "The love of money is the love of God run wild." Let this man be brought under the power of divine grace, transplanted from the sterile fields of mammon into the garden of God, and the wisdom, diligence, and untiring zeal of the worldling find a new and holy direction. The true man, the ideal man of God-likeness, develops, the harsh life becomes gentle, and the hard spirit is softened to sympathizing and unselfish love.

—*Rev. James Neil.*

ONLY ONE WAY TO KNOW JESUS.

When Sir Isaac Newton first occupied his house in Leicester Square in London, the lady living next door was greatly puzzled as to what kind of a neighbor she had got. One day a member of the Royal Society called on the lady, and she said: "Do you know, I am certain that a madman has come to stay in the house next door. He is a crazy old gentleman. I'm frightened out of my life. He occupies himself in a strange way. Why, when the sun shines so brightly that I have to pull down the blinds, you can see him seat himself outside with a tub full of soap-suds; then he takes a common clay pipe and blows bubbles, and watches them till they burst. Just come and look through the blinds; I have no doubt that he is at it now."

The member of the Royal Society wondered who the crazy gentleman could be. He went to the blinds, and, peeping out, beheld the greatest man that science ever knew, Sir Isaac Newton, making his famous experiments on the refraction of light. There he is at his soap-bubbles; but it is a mighty problem that he is working out.

So, Lord, I would not expect the unconverted world to gauge thee one whit. I am never anxious or surprised at what an unconverted man says about my Jesus. Go to the cross. Lord Jesus, the cross is thy highest glory; higher than the making of stars and worlds is thy glory in hanging on yon tree with the burden of my sins. Though the world does not know

thee, though it has become fashionable to scoff at the work of Christ, the bleeding sacrifice, Lord Jesus, I know thee; I see thee in a little measure, and I can judge what thou art doing, even working atonement for my soul. When your eyes are open, you will see Jesus, and you will love him.

A NOBLE LIFE.

On the first of March, 1899, there died at Washington a well-known British statesman, Lord Chancellor Herschell. He was here on purpose to mediate and to take counsel in regard to matters pertaining to the mutual good will of the two nations, and suddenly he was taken ill and died. We on both sides of the Atlantic have mourned him, and it may not be out of place if I should mention here some things concerning his father, who came as a Jew into the knowledge of this glorious truth concerning Christ, the Son of God, our High Priest now filling his ministry in the heavenly place.

When he was seventeen years of age, Herschell left his home in Poland. He studied in Berlin and in London, and passed to Paris. There he lived, not running to any excess of riot, for he had been well trained at home; but he lived a comparatively careless life until he had tidings that his mother had died, and that broke his heart. He began also under the cloud of sorrow to realize that his life was not what it ought to be. It was not for the glory of God, and he began working and desiring to be better.

Now, while he was in this state of mind he happened to purchase some article at a shop in Paris where the shopkeeper was an infidel, and this infidel used a copy of the Bible in order that its pages might wrap up the things that were bought, and he gave to the young Jew a page of the Scripture on which as he went home he read these words: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." He had no idea where the words came from; but he read every word of the page, and then he wondered whence it came, for he had never read a syllable of the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ; but he must have had some idea that it was connected with that religion, for when calling on a friend afterward and seeing a New Testament he began to look for the words and found them. He took the book home to read through Matthew, Mark, Luke, and on to the third chapter of John; and there he found himself with Nicodemus, under the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ, confronting that picture that had hung for fifteen centuries on the wall of the school of the prophets. Such was the power of the words that he read that he said, "If I don't take care, I shall be a Christian;" and, as that was a consummation which he dreaded, he stopped reading.

But, his heart and his conscience being alive, he turned again to the Old Testament Scriptures. It was now a new book to him. The light was behind these Scriptures, and he saw everywhere from Genesis to the end of the book, that "the Lamb was the light thereof." And so after reading the Old

Testament with a new wonder and joy he said this to himself: "The New Testament is either true or not true. If it is not true, I know that it will do me no harm to read it; and, if it may be true, it is high time that I should read it."

And so he began at the third chapter of John, and in the latter part of that Gospel he read how the disciples were warned of Jesus, how that all men would hate them for his name's sake; and these men were Jews, and yet for his name's sake they accepted all persecution and hatred of the world. He read on of how Saul of Tarsus became a preacher of the faith that once he despised, and wondered whether this was the picture of what was to happen to himself. He read the epistles and especially the epistle to the Hebrews, on through the Acts, and the book of Revelation, and when he closed the New Testament he said that the book was either the work of designing men, or the Word of God, and that he felt sure it was the Word of God, and, further, that "either Jesus of Nazareth was an impostor whom our fathers rightly put to death, or he was the Son of God."

And you can easily believe that it was not very long after that profound conviction entered his mind that he asked for baptism, and he continued for thirty-two years a faithful witness to the cross of Christ. When he died, such was the general interest in the man, so deep was the respect for his memory, that not fewer than three hundred of the ordinary policemen of London asked leave to take their places as mourners in the procession of those who followed him to his grave.—*J. G. Cunningham.*

"THAT I MAY KNOW HIM."

LORD, help me thee to know—
Thy saving grace,
Thy comforting,
Thy leading, guiding hand,
Thy trustful spirit,
Thy patience, so complete,
Thy gentleness,
Thy boundless love,
Thy tender care,
Thy mercy everywhere,
Thy pure unselfishness,
Thy meekness like a child,
Thy justice, tender, mild,
Thy presence every hour,
Thy resurrection power ;
Yes, help me, Lord, to know
Thee as I should below ;
Then, when to heaven I rise,
And meet thee in the skies,
My fellowship, so sweet,
With thee will be complete.

MISJUDGMENT.

IN the life of Catherine Booth, mother of the Salvation Army, the story is told of an English family which had reared a pet tiger, having it in the household much as we would have a domestic animal.

One day the mother, looking out of the window across the lawn, saw her child playing under a tree with this tiger. A moment later she heard a shriek and a scream. The tiger came bounding into the house with blood upon his mouth and feet. Instantly the mother supposed that the old tiger nature had asserted itself and the child's life had been taken. She communicated her fears to her husband, and he, seeing a piece of marble used to keep the door in place, hurled it at the tiger and killed it instantly, and then with clasped hands they made their way across the lawn, expecting to find the mangled body of the child; but not so. It was sitting under the tree with its face as white as death, and, a little removed, a wild beast which had escaped from a menagerie near at hand, lying dead. It had evidently attacked the child, and the child's life had been saved by the tiger. The father had taken the life of that which meant the real joy of his home. And whenever any one says a word against revivals, he strikes at that upon which God has set his seal in the past, and raises himself against that which has meant the real life of the church in days that have gone.—*J. W. C.*

"THANK GOD YOU HAVE COME."

The evangelistic meetings were in progress in a New York town. The ministers themselves were preaching night after night. It was the plan that one minister should preach and another should make the appeal. When the Presbyterian minister had finished his sermon, the Baptist minister rose with

much emotion and pleaded with the people to come to Christ. A goodly number responded, but still the minister held the pulpit and pleaded for yet another one to come. His action seemed to be unwise, for apparently all had responded who would yield; but still he pleaded, "Will not another one come?"

At last, in the rear of the church one young man stood up and started for the front. He had no sooner started than the minister began to descend from the platform and walk down the aisle. The two met in the centre of the church, and were in each other's arms. All over the house people were in tears as the minister sobbed out, "My son, my son, thank God you have come, you have come." Then, going back to the pulpit, he said to his brethren, "I think I should have died if he had not yielded."

It is concern like this that moves people for Christ, for the unsaved are rarely concerned for themselves more than the church is concerned for them.

—*J. W. C.*

WAITING FOR YOU.

It is said that Dr. Adams, of sainted memory, came to his home one night after he had preached a sermon with a great burden upon him for the soul of another man. He sat down before his fire, and the burden would not lift. He retired to his room for the night, and still there was the greatest concern, which increased rather than diminished. At last, because he could find no rest he made his way across the city, and, when he reached the house of

the gentleman, it was apparently all dark, and he said to himself, "How perfectly foolish that I should come here when they are evidently all asleep!" But he had no sooner touched the bell than the door was opened by the gentleman himself. The tears started as, putting out his hand, he said, "Dr. Adams, you are the very man I wanted to see." He led him into his library, and in a very short time the minister had led him to Christ. The man became one of the most efficient members of the church in that city. There are thousands of souls like this the world over.

THE SPOKEN WORD.

In a former parish, when there was real concern in my own soul at least for others, the church did not seem to be aroused. One evening when the audience was comparatively small I called my elders together to say we must do something for those who were lost. One old elder arose to say that he would promise to do some work before the next service occurred. What he was to do no one could tell, for he had never rendered any special service in a public way in the church.

The next morning a sudden snow-storm was upon us. The snow had drifted until the roads were impassable, but this old man living a little way in the country ordered his horse hitched to the sleigh, and in the face of the protests of his wife started four miles across the country to a blacksmith's shop. When he entered the shop, the blacksmith could not understand his presence, and, calling him by

name, he said, "What are you doing here in such a storm?"

The old man could only take hold of the bench near at hand for support, and then with a trembling voice said, "I promised your old father that I would try to lead you to Christ, and I have never spoken to you." It was all he could say, and turning about, he got into his sleigh and drove home, feeling that he had made a failure of it all.

For days he was ill, and was not soon again found in the meeting; but that night through the storm the blacksmith came, and said, "I have never been moved by a sermon in my life; I do not know that I have even been moved by a song; but, when that old man stood there with tears in his eyes, I said, 'It is time you had begun to think,' and I have come to make my confession of faith in Christ."

Such concern on the part of the saved always moves the unsaved.—*J. W. C.*

CONCERN FOR SOULS.

In the midst of a special series of meetings in a New York town the following incident occurred.

The church had been crowded with people who seemed to be interested in the messages, but there was no perceptible movement on the part of the unsaved.

One morning very early my singer came to my room to say that one of the ministers wished to see me. When I entered the room where he was waiting for me, he was sitting on a couch with his face

buried in his hands, and when he heard my approach and lifted his face I could see upon it the marks of his tears.

When he could control himself, he said: "When I went home from the service last night, I was deeply impressed that I ought to speak to one of my neighbors about Christ. As the night passed on, this burden increased until it was impossible for me to sleep, and I have literally spent the night in agony and prayer, and have come here this morning to say that unless I have relief I feel as if my reason might give way." We bowed in prayer together, and he went out to speak to this friend whom God had laid upon his heart.

From that point in the meetings there was the most radiant change in the whole spirit. The same crowd seemed to be present as the night before, but the atmosphere was altogether changed. I had no sooner given the invitation than at least fifty were ready to respond, and in less than eight days more than six hundred people made confession of their faith in Christ. If you were to ask the people when the break came in the meetings, they would indicate that special day, but, if you were to question the old minister, he would say that the change came when he spent the night in prayer.

It is always true. God seems ever ready to pour out his Spirit when his own people are in travail for souls, as Paul once expresses it.—*J. W. C.*

OVERCOMING THE EARTH'S ATTRACTION.

On the great battle-ship New York may be seen on each side of the compass a great ball of magnetized steel: these magnets have been placed there to overcome the difficulty arising from the disturbing influences of the magnetism of the ship, for our battle-ships are constructed almost entirely of steel and the needle is invariably drawn toward the centre of the ship, and unless something were done to overcome it the compass would be valueless; but the superior power of the two magnets makes the needle true to its pole.

The greatest difficulty in this age is to be true to God. There are so many subtle temptations, so many insidious foes on every hand, that we well-nigh despair in our efforts to keep ourselves unspotted from the world and to remain faithful to our high and holy calling.

We need the two magnets of unbroken communion with God through his Word and our dwelling in the secret place, and the faithful application of his truth through active service to the adverse conditions which surround us, seeking to lead others into the same blessed life. These two magnets of communion and service will overcome all other attraction and hold us on an unbroken course toward our destined goal.

A NEW POWER.

When I was working in Leicester amongst discharged prisoners, I had a wood-yard. In that wood-yard there was a circular saw which was turned by a crank; and on this long crank I was able to keep fifteen discharged prisoners at work. When my eye was turned, they wasted time and money; and, when I had lost five hundred dollars on them, I purchased a gas-engine. This engine made the circular saw do as much work in one and a half hours as the thirteen men did in a whole day. I went to speak to that circular saw one morning, and said, "You go round quickly now."

It said, "I am glad."

I said: "How is it? Are you shorter than you were?"

"No."

"Have you been more careful of late?"

"No."

"What makes you turn out more work?"

It said, "It seems to me, Master, I have got attached to a new driving power."

I said: "That is just it; you used to be driven by hand-power, and now you are driven by gas-power." The machinery was right, but it needed to be attached to a new power. Your ideas of right and wrong are accurate, but what you want is to be attached to a new driving force, the living Christ. Instead of making an effort to carry out your no-

When the last place had been taken in the boat, and no more could be saved, he stood like the hero that he was, on the deck of the sinking vessel, waving his farewell to the departing ones. Just as the last one left the deck for the life-boat he cut off a button from his coat, took his watch from his pocket, and said, "Carry these to my father, and tell him that I died a Christian."

GOD'S GIFTS.

A FRIEND of mine was once trying to show the difference between praying and receiving, to a lady who could not understand it. He went home with her and tea was served in the drawing-room. "Will you take tea?" the lady said.

"Thank you."

"Cream and sugar?"

"Thank you."

The tea was handed to him. "Please, my friend, will you give me a cup of tea?"

"I do."

"Please," he said a second time, "will you give me a cup of tea?"

A third time, "Will you kindly give me a cup of tea?"

"Here it is; won't you take it?"

He said, "Madam, that is what God has been saying to you the last ten years. You have been saying, 'Do give me this.' God says: 'It is in the risen Christ, take it.'" I used to think that God put all his best things on the highest shelf, so that I should have to grow very tall and good before I could

reach them ; but now I see he puts them on his lowest shelf for the weak one to crawl and help himself.

THE BACKSLIDER.

THERE are just two words in all the Bible for a man who is a backslider, and the two words are these : "Come back, come back."

One of the last Sundays I spent at the Bethany Sunday School in Philadelphia an Englishman was there and spoke to the scholars. He sat down and told me this story :—

A young girl had run away from home, and was living a life of sin, and her mother wanted my friend to help her find her daughter. He said, "Go home and bring me every picture you have, and I will find her." She brought them to him, and he just dipped his pen in the ink, and wrote down beneath the sweet face these words : "Come back." Then he took those pictures down to the haunts of sin and the mission stations, and left them there.

Not long after, this daughter was going into a place of sin, and there she saw the face of her mother. The tears ran down her face so that at first she could not see the words beneath ; but she brushed away the tears and looked, and there they were : "Come back." She went out to her old home at the edge of London ; when she put her hand on the latch, the door was open, and, when she stepped in, her mother, with her arms about her, said, "My dear child, the door has never been fastened since you went away."

And that is true for you with God ; the door has never been closed since you went away ; it is wide open.

"JUST AS I AM."

THERE is a very sweet story told of Charlotte Elliott. At one time she was in the midst of a company in the city of London, and among other guests was Cæsar Malan, a devout man of God. He saw this young lady, and, crossing the room to where she was, he said to her, "Are you a Christian ?"

And she replied, with considerable dignity, "I do not care to discuss that question just now."

And then the dear old man, looking upon her, said : "I trust you will forgive me ; I did not mean to hurt you ; I looked across the room, and you seemed so very beautiful to me that I wondered if you were a child of God, and so I thought I would come and ask you."

Some days after that these two were in another company. This time it was Charlotte Elliott who crossed the room to Cæsar Malan, and said to him, "I am so very sorry that I was so very rude to you the other evening ; the fact is that I am not a Christian, and I have been troubled ever since you asked me, and I would like to know how I may become one."

The old man replied, "My dear, it is very simple ; you have but simply to come to Jesus."

And she said to him, "But I am a very great sinner."

"No matter ; you have but to come to Jesus."

She said to him, "Will he take me just as I am?" and he said, "Yes ; he will take you just as you are, and no other way."

And then she said, "Well, if he will take me just as I am, then I will come ;" and she went home to her room, and she sat down at her desk, and she wrote the beautiful words of that hymn,---

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

This is the way that Charlotte Elliott came to Christ, and a thousand others since, in the words of Charlotte Elliott's hymn, have come to the Lord Jesus, and it is the only way that the human soul can come. "Come and *see*."

GOD'S CARE.

It is said that some years ago the king of Abyssinia took a British subject, by the name of Campbell, prisoner. They carried him to the fortress of Magdala, and in the heights of the mountains put him in a dungeon, without cause assigned. It took six months for Great Britain to find it out, and then they demanded his instantaneous release. King Theodore refused, and in less than ten days ten thousand British soldiers were on shipboard and sailing down the coast. They disembarked, and marched seven hundred miles beneath the burning sun up the mountains to the very dungeon where

the prisoner was held; and there they gave battle. The gates were torn down, and presently the prisoner was lifted upon their shoulders and carried down the mountains and placed upon the white-winged ship, which sped him in safety to his home. And it cost the English government twenty-five millions of dollars to release that man.

I belong to a better kingdom than that, and do you suppose for a moment that earthly powers will protect their subjects and that God will leave me without help? His allowance is a continual allowance, given to me every day, and shall be all the days of my life.

OUR SUBSTITUTE.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer tells of a story taken from Adelaide Procter, of a young girl who lived centuries ago in a convent in France. She was sweet and pure and admired of all who saw her. Her work was to care for the altar of Mary and answer the portal. Wars swept over France and brought the soldiers to the convent, and one that was wounded was given into her care. When he recovered, he persuaded her to leave the convent. She went with him to Paris, where she lost her good name and everything that made life worth living.

Years passed, and she came back to die within the sound of the convent bell. She fell fainting upon the steps, and there came to find her, not such a one as she had been, young and fair, but such a one as she would have been, a pure and noble matron.

She picked her up, and carried her into the convent, and placed her on her bed. All the years that she had been gone the other had faithfully done her work, and none knew of her disgrace ; so she glided back into her old place, and until the day of her death no one ever knew her sin.

All this Christ has done for me. I like to think that I was chosen in him before the foundation of the world, that he had me in mind when he suffered and died, that he has made up before God for all that I have failed to do, and when I stand before him it will be as if I never had sinned in all my life.

THE CHANGELESS LOVE.

He is going away to America. He is to make his fortune in that big land, and as soon as he gets a nest cosily and comfortably prepared he is to send for her. "Never fear ; I'll be true."

And he did set sail, and he did get on, and eyes—not fairer, indeed, than the eyes he had left behind —of an American girl were turned to him. He saw not her, but her purse ; and he saw the chance of promotion. He would wed, not her, but the old father who had the business. He would marry the dollar and bid the damsel to the marriage.

And so the letters homeward descended very rapidly from "Yours devotedly and eternally and for ever and ever" at last to "Yours truly." And what was it in that morning paper, as she turned the leaves thereof, that made the lassie fall as a huddled heap at the feet of the mother ? It was

this: "On such and such a date, in such and such a church in New York, So-and-so to So-and-so."

Poor lassie, go down to the grave now with a broken heart. The parents can hear the drip, drip, drip of the heart's blood to the last. He is faithless; his promises are false. And that is human love. You cannot ride the water on it, as we say in the north; you cannot trust it very much. Blessed are ye if ye have got a love in the human heart that ye can trust fully and unreservedly.

He says: A lover may be false, yet not I. I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Can you sing it yet? Is it not a glorious love- deathless, faithful, abiding, unchanging amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds? The love of Christ will outlive the sun; the love of Christ will be strong in current when the stars, the last of them, pull a veil over their faces and die. The love of Christ is the one eternal, abiding, almighty force in the universe. Can you sing it? "Unto Him that loved us" with a deathless, undying, unchanging, abiding, eternal love, to Him "be the glory and dominion for ever and ever."

A FATHER'S LOVE.

At the close of a meeting in Joliet, Ill., I sat down beside an honored evangelist, Rev. H. W. Brown, and among other things in his career he told me this story.

A number of years before, he had a remarkable work of grace in the lake region of Wisconsin in

that town of the strange name, Oconomowoc. After his work of grace he returned one day for a little visit, and, as he stepped off from the cars, he saw at the station an old man named James Stewart. Knowing him well, he asked him why he was there. The old man replied that his boy had gone away from home, and had said to him, "Father, I will return some day, but I cannot tell when," and said he, "I am waiting for him to come back."

Strange as it may seem, thirteen years afterward he revisited that old town, and the first man he saw when getting off from the cars was this old father. He met him, saying, "Mr. Brown, he has n't come yet; but he will come, and I am waiting."

"Just then," said my friend, "I lifted up my eyes and saw one walking down the aisle of the car, and said to myself, If I were not sure that the boy was dead, I should say that that was the son."

But other eyes had seen him, too, and with a great bound the old father sprung to the steps of the car, and, when the boy reached the platform, in less time than I can tell it he was in his father's arms. The old father sobbed out, "O my son, thank God you 've come, you 've come;" and then, turning to my friend, he said, "Mr. Brown, I should have waited until I died."

Thus God waits, and looks and yearns and loves. Thus Jesus Christ entreats us to look unto him and be saved, and in his name I bid you come.

WELCOME HOME.

Dr. Pierre, returning to France from India after a long journey, said that his men when they came in sight of their native land were unfitted for duty. Some of them wistfully gazed upon the land they loved. Some of them shouted, some prayed, some fainted, and it is said that, when they came near enough to recognize their friends on shore, every man left his post of duty, and it was necessary for help to come from off the land before the vessel could be anchored in the harbor. O, the joy of thus entering heaven! Welcome from the gates, welcome from our friends long gone, welcome from every angel in the skies. The joy, the joy of one day sweeping through the gates!

IN MY STEAD.

I once heard John McNeill say that of all the people in Jerusalem he thought Barabbas had the best idea of the atonement of Jesus Christ. "You will remember," said Mr. McNeill, "that he should have been crucified and Jesus released, but the order was exactly reversed. The door of the prison swings open and Barabbas is free; and, as he comes out into the light of day, all the people seem to be hurrying in one direction. He hears that Jesus of Nazareth is to be crucified. He stops a moment to think, and then he exclaims: 'Why, that is the

man who is dying in my stead! I will go and see him.'

"He pushes his way out through the gate of the city and up the hillside until he reaches the surging mob about the cross. He stands in the outer circle for a moment, and then pushes his way to the very inner circle, and stands so near that he can reach out his hand and touch the dying Saviour. And," said my friend, "I can hear him say, 'I do not know who you are, but I know that you are there in my stead.'"

And said John McNeill, "Until you can give a better theory of the atonement take that of Barabbas—Christ, your substitute, dying in your place."

Sin was judged for us in Christ, and he stands before God saying, "Put that on mine account."

IN THE HEAVENLIES.

One of my friends told me he stood one morning on one of the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains, bathed in the perfect sunlight of a perfect day. He looked down at his feet, and a storm was raging in the valley. He felt almost as if he could step out and walk from peak to peak, so heavy were the clouds; and he could almost hear the roar of the thunder and see the flash of lightning, for there was a tremendous storm raging in the valley.

As he was looking down, suddenly up from the dark clouds came a black body. He looked again, and still a third time, and the great black object was a Rocky Mountain eagle, measuring seven feet

from tip to tip of its wings. "As I looked," he said, "the eagle mounted higher and higher, clear above the clouds, and, fighting its way through the storm, soared high above my head, every feather wet with the rain-drops, and every rain-drop sparkling like a jewel in the sunlight; and I stood watching it until it was lost in the very face of the sun."

This is a picture of the Christian rising above the things of the world. I will give you a verse of Scripture to prove it: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." You may have a temperament ever so miserable, and you may have a body ever so weak, but you may dwell in the secret place and never get out of communion and fellowship.

SECRET RELIGION.

"If a man has no secret religion, he has no religion." The roots of all plants and trees are in the dark, and the stronger and loftier the tree the deeper and wider do they spread underground. The strong, fruit-bearing soul has its life hid with Christ in God. The public assembly may feed it with truth and stimulus; the open work, seen and known of men, may confirm and develop it; but its main nourishment is always drawn from secret prayer and secret meditation. The sure way to kill plant or tree would be to uncover its roots and expose them to the blazing heat of the sun and to the chilling frost. The sure way to kill religion is to

live it only in the eyes of men. Humility, gentleness, love, joy, peace, patience, all require the quiet shade. Alms done to be seen of men are not alms, but advertisements—the deadliest influence a soul can encounter. Purity of motive, reverence, gratitude, flourish in the quiet places where men are with God alone.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

One night, from the old ruined castle of the Drachenfels, I saw the sun set over the western hills, and heard the chiming of the evening bells along the Rhine; but darkness began to gather, and I must make my way to the little town at the foot of the mountain.

Perhaps I was half-way down when I came upon one of the most beautiful spots that it has been my privilege ever to see; it was a veritable bower of fairies; the branches of the trees were twined together; the moss was softer than the softest carpet under your feet.

As I was passing through, while the shadows of the evening fell, that place suddenly became vocal with song. Never have I heard such music as that. I stood still in perfect wonder. It seemed almost like coming to the gates of heaven.

When I arrived at the foot of the mountain, I told a friend of this experience. "O," said he, "you were in the Nachtigallenthal, the Vale of the Nightingales, they sing there every night."

So I sometimes think the valley of the shadow of death will be like that, filled with heaven's own

music. So near the gates, surely some fragments of the song sung there will be heard. It is the shadow of death, not the substance. Shadows cannot hurt, neither can shadows be without light. That valley cannot be dark, because the light of life is passing through it with you, and the very best that death can do is but to cast its grim shadow.—*F. C. Ottman.*

HEAVEN.

"WHAT is heaven?" I asked a little child,
"All joy;" and in her innocence she smiled.
I asked the aged, with her care oppressed,
All suffering o'er, "O, heaven at last is rest."
I asked the artist who adored his art,—
"Heaven is all beauty," spoke his raptured heart.
I asked the poet with his soul of fire,
"'T is glory," and he struck his lyre.
I asked the Christian, waiting his release;
A halo round him, low he answered, "Peace."
So all may look with hopeful eyes above,
'Tis beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace, and love.

JUST BE GLAD.

O heart of mine, we should n't
Worry so.
What we 've missed of calm we could n't
Have, you know.

What we 've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—*James Whitcomb Riley, in New York Observer.*

POWER.

I ONE day said to Dr. McCarthy, who represents him in this country, "Can you tell me the secret of Hudson Taylor's power?"

He made quick response that he believed it was to be largely found in this: Missionaries in China are constantly surrounded during the day by the Chinese people; so they have little time for communion

with God or for the study of his word. To overcome this difficulty, Hudson Taylor acquired the habit of rising every morning between two and three o'clock and going alone into his room, turning the key in the door and spending the entire time in communion and fellowship with Christ. Sometimes he would sit for a whole hour without saying a word : at other times he would be upon his knees in prayer ; on other occasions he would be engaged in poring over the pages of the Bible. But sometimes he would sit with closed Bible and folded hands and open eyes, looking apparently into the very face of God, and saying over and over again the name of Jesus Christ.

> " Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
> Sweetest note of seraph's song,
> Sweetest carol ever sung,
> Jesus, blessed Jesus ! "

Have you ever tried this ? If not, test it to-day, and you will have come to you an experience which is granted only to those who live in Canaan.

A NEARER VISION.

The light of the Word shines brighter and brighter
As wider and wider God opens my eyes ;
My trials and burdens seem lighter and lighter,
And fairer and fairer the heavenly prize.

The wealth of this world seems poorer and poorer
As further and further it fades from my sight :
The prize of my calling seems surer and surer
As straighter and straighter I walk in the light.

My waiting on Jesus seems dearer and dearer
As longer and longer I lean on his breast;
Without him, I'm nothing, seems clearer and clearer,
And more and more sweetly in Jesus I rest.

My joy in my Saviour is growing and growing,
And stronger and stronger I trust in his word;
My peace like a river is flowing and flowing
As harder and harder I lean on the Lord.

—*Selected.*

FULL OF THE SPIRIT.

It is said that the Frazier gun hurls a projectile of a thousand pounds, using five hundred pounds of powder, and that this projectile may be sent through armor-plate seventeen inches thick; that it is also possible with this same gun to throw a shell thirteen miles, and when the gun is discharged it is automatically thrown back again for reloading, and when it is thrown back it charges the air-chamber, which, when the gun is loaded and again released, throws it back again in position. So the gun in use is always being fired and always being charged.

This is the picture for the Christian. He is always giving forth of that which God has given him if he is really God's child, but he must ever be back again at the feet of the Master receiving a fresh infilling, a new anointing, another vision of the face of the risen Christ. This is the picture of continued blessing always.

THE BLESSING THROUGH CONFESSION.

QUICK confession of sin is one of the most important condition of a blessing. At a meeting of the college men of the Christian Associations of the State of Ohio, when I was speaking of the deadening influence of unconfessed sin upon the life of a Christian, one of the students fairly sobbed aloud in his distress, and at the close of the meeting went to his room in the hotel and wrote this letter :—

"*Dear Father:* Last summer I went to your private drawer and took out $20. I am not now able to return it, but I write to you to ask your forgiveness, as I have already asked it of God."

When the letter was signed and sealed and dropped into the post-box, the burden of sin rolled away from the heart of that man, and he entered upon a career of Christian service he never had even dreamed of before. Testimonies received concerning him have revealed the fact that God has simply led him from one place of power to another since that time of sharp struggle when the day broke upon him.

ONE SIN MAY HINDER.

I WAS holding a series of meetings in a former pastorate, when one evening a man lifted his hand for prayer. One of my elders spoke to him, but came back to me saying that the case was hopeless, for the man was an infidel. I then sent one of the most consistent women to his home, and she came

back with the message that she felt sure that he was converted; and we were urged to admit him to the membership of the church. I can see him now as he took his first communion.

The second communion he was away, and the third he was still absent; and, when I looked him up, I found that he was out of the city, and had been for several weeks. I left a message for him to call upon me, and a few days later he was at my study door. His face was deathly pale, and, as he entered the room, he looked around in a frightened way, and then asked whether any one was within hearing. When I assured him that no one was near, and had turned the key in the door to satisfy him, he came very close to me and said:

"When I first saw you I told you the reason that I could not be a Christian was found in the fact that I was an infidel, and this was partly true. My father was an infidel, and my grandfather before him, and the blood of infidelity courses in my veins; but somehow I got over that. But, when I joined the church, I hardly felt that I was a Christian, for there was one sin I would not give up. My wife did not know about it; the best friend I had in the world was ignorant of it. I said, 'I can serve God and continue that sin, and still be saved;' but I could not. The other night on my knees I asked God to take it away, even if it took my life; and for all these days I have been free! The peace of God has filled my very soul, and I have never been so happy." Then, coming still nearer to me, he bent down and whispered one word to me, and that word was "Morphine."

"That," said he, "was my sin."

So in these days I have come to believe with all my heart that, if one is just willing to forsake all known sin, by Christ's help, he may at once be saved.

You may come very near to the kingdom of God, and yet the holding of one sin may cause the loss of your soul.

Almost is lost.

PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

THE personal pronouns in the Bible make it a new book to us. To say that the Lord is a shepherd would be interesting; to say that he is my shepherd is inspiring.

A colporteur going through Switzerland saw a little shepherd boy minding his flock, and, taking out a Bible, tried to teach him to read the twenty-third Psalm, but he failed. The little fellow could only learn the first sentence, and he learned this on the five fingers of the hand, giving a finger for each word, "The Lord is my shepherd."

The colporteur left him, and four years later came back again. He was interested to know about the child and sought him out in his home. The mother of the boy met him with tears; and, when she found that he was the man that had taught the boy the verse of Scripture, she said, "My little boy is dead, and he left word for you, if I should ever see you, that he died holding the fourth finger of his hand—'The Lord is *my* shepherd.'"

THE SPIRIT'S CONSTANT INFILLING.

We may have only one baptism of the Holy Ghost. This, I believe, comes at regeneration. But we may have many infillings. If one should use his power for anything but the glory of God, he must be filled again. If one should consume this blessing upon his own lusts, he must be filled again; and, indeed, if one should simply live his life as a Christian, he must be constantly infilled; for he is ever expending the strength given to him of God, and just as in the physical life we breathe in and then breathe out, and our breathing out is in proportion to our breathing in, and we make our effort to breathe in and no effort at all to breathe out, so in our spiritual life we must be constantly breathing in of God, constantly infilled. We must ever remember that our receiving of God must be in proportion to our giving out to men, and also ever have in mind that, if we are faithful in the matter of our relationship to Christ, it will be as natural for us to work and as natural for us to display God's power as it is to breathe.

AARON BURR.

It is a dangerous thing for any one, when he is moved by the Spirit of God, to resist; and, if to-day there is one single particle of desire in your

heart to be a Christian, in the name of God I beseech you and encourage you.

It is said that during a revival at Princeton College Aaron Burr went to the president of the college to say that he was almost persuaded to be a Christian, and asked the president's advice as to what he should do.

"Well," said the president, "if I were you, I would wait until the excitement was over and then come."

Aaron Burr bowed his head for a moment, and replied, "That is what I shall do;" and it is said that never again did he have the desire to be a Christian.

Whether this story is true or not, the principle is true, and may God keep you from resisting the Spirit of God!

ONE SURRENDER.

Remember that there is only one surrender. A dear friend came into one of my meetings to ask me whether she could give me a Bible, and, when I expressed my pleasure in receiving it, she put in my hands a beautiful Bible, which I used for a long time.

She came in another time, and looked at the book with much interest; but she did not give it to me. She came into my home as a guest, and she was delighted with the Bible; but she did not offer it to me again. She really had no right to do it; for, when she put the book into my hands and took her hands off, it was mine. And, when I yielded my-

self to God definitely and finally, I became his; his because he had redeemed me, and now his because I had consciously surrendered. I may at different times bring to mind this act of surrender, but I have no right to take the gift back and present it to him again.

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(57)

GOING HOME.

An old pilot died not long ago in Boston. He had held the pilot's commission for nearly seventy-five years, and for almost all that time he was a follower of Jesus Christ. As he was passing away, his face brightened, and he started up with this expression, "I see a light."

His friends thought his mind was wandering and that he was in imagination on the sea, and they said, "Is it the Highland light?"

He said, "No."

A moment more, and he repeated the sentence, "I see a light."

They asked him again, "Is it the Boston light?"

And he answered, "No."

For the third time he said, "I see a light."

They said again, "Is it the Minot light?"

"Ah, no," he said; "it is the light of glory! Let the anchor go!"

And they slipped the anchor, and the old pilot stood before Him who had taken him in his arms and presented him without spot or blemish before his Father, saying, "My Father, every weakness, every failure, every blemish, every sin in all this life, put on mine account."

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